Samuel Marsden
Born July 28th, 1764; died May 12th, 1838

Life and Work of Samuel Marsden

By
The Rev. J. B. Marsden
Premier of New Zealand, 1893–1906.

Edited By
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With an Appreciation by
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Preface.

This work, which gives an account of the life, labours, and difficulties of one of the most notable missionaries of modern times, was written by the Rev. J. B. Marsden, and published by the Religious Tract Society fifty years ago. The original is out of print, but still is found occasionally in second-hand booksellers' shops, in a quaint blue cover embellished with gold letters.

The Rev. J. B. Marsden collected a great deal of his material from Samuel Marsden's correspondence, in the possession of the Church Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society. He also had the use of an unpublished memoir of Samuel Marsden by Lieutenant Sadleir, R.N., for many years master of the Male Orphans' Home near Sydney, and manuscript prepared by Mr. John Liddiard Nicholas, an Australian land-owner, who was an admirer of Samuel Marsden, and who, besides writing an account of the missionary's first visit to New Zealand, dealt with his life in New South Wales. Finally, the biographer was helped by many of Samuel Marsden's friends, who placed in his hands letters written to them.

The Rev. J. B. Marsden was the author of “The History of the Early and Later Puritans” and other works associated with the Church. He was not related to the missionary, but the identity of the two men's surnames led to the conclusion that there was some relationship, and for that reason he was urged repeatedly to write the biography. He declined several times, but ultimately, when the request was renewed by the Religious Tract Society, he was induced to comply with the Society's wishes, “under the conviction,” he says, “that the facts and incidents, as well as the moral grandeur, of Mr. Marsden's life are too important to be suffered to lie any longer in comparative obscurity.”

Some time previous to the publication of the biography, the Rev. W. Woolls published a memoir of Samuel Marsden in a series of articles in the *Parramatta Chronicle*, and these were republished in book form at Parramatta in 1844. The object was to provide funds for the erection of a church at Marsfield as a memorial to the missionary. In recent years, Dr. T. M. Hocken, of Dunedin, began an extensive research into Marsden correspondence and documents. At the end of 1905, he read papers on “The Rev. Samuel Marsden and the Early New Zealand Missionaries” before the Otago Institute. These were published in different copies of the “Otago Daily Times” at the end of 1905 and the beginning of 1906. The Rev. J. B. Marsden did not pretend to write a comprehensive biography, and it is hoped that, with the information Dr. Hocken collected, a larger work some day will be given to the public.

In editing the Rev. J. B. Marsden's work, I have not preserved the whole of it. Many pages deal with missionary work at Tahiti, in which Samuel Marsden did not take an active part. These, and other portions, have been omitted. I have reproduced letters written to Samuel Marsden by notable or famous persons, amongst them Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, a member of the Society of Friends, who worked amongst the women prisoners of London, and who took a sympathetic interest in Samuel Marsden's efforts to reform the women convicts in New South Wales. I have retained the biographer's spelling of Maori names, which is not in accordance with the orthography of Bishop Williams and other New Zealand missionaries who followed in Samuel Marsden's footsteps, but I have added footnotes, showing the method now

in use. I have supplied a number of other footnotes, dealing mainly with people who were well known when the biography was published, but who have been almost forgotten by the present generation.

A Marsden Cross has been erected as close as the conditions of the ground permit to the actual place occupied by the novel pulpit built by Ruatara one hundred years ago, when the first Divine Service was held in New Zealand. The idea of erecting this cross originated with the Rev. Dr. J. Kinder, who for many years was Warden of St. John's College, Auckland. It was pointed out that "The Prayer Book Cross," erected near the Golden Gate at San Francisco, marks the place on which Sir Francis Drake's chaplain held the first Anglican service on the Pacific Coast of America. A New Zealand monument on the same scale was not contemplated, but it was felt that the Dominion could erect in Samuel Marsden's honour a substantial stone cross sufficiently large to be a conspicuous landmark from the decks of vessels that enter the Bay of Islands.

The proposal was not taken in hand in a practical way until some years after Dr. Kinder's death, when his widow offered to pay the sum of £100 to meet the expenses. Mrs. Kinder placed the scheme in the hands of Archdeacon Philip Walsh, of Waimate, who has kindly written an "Appreciation" for this book. His appeal to the Church people of New Zealand resulted in a sufficient sum being obtained, and the was unveiled by His Excellency Lord Plunket, Governor of New Zealand, on the 12th of March, 1907, in the presence of representatives of the two races in the Dominion. It is of Celtic design, and it bears the following inscription:—

On Christmas Day, 1814
The First Christian Service in N.Z.
was Held on This Spot
by The Rev. Samuel Marsden.

At the unveiling ceremony, addresses were given by His Excellency Lord Plunket, Bishop Neligan, of Auckland, and Archdeacon Walsh. Mr. J. B. Clarke spoke on behalf of the mission families in the district, and Hare Te Heihei on behalf of the Maori people. Amongst the hymns sung was, "All People that on Earth do Dwell," the hymn chosen by Marsden at his memorable service.

The simple cross is a memorial to Samuel Marsden's work, but his greatest memorial is the work itself, which is described in these pages.

There are two objects in republishing this little book. One is to follow a policy which has induced Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs to make a large number of Australasian works, of a high educational value, available to the public. The other is to make a literary contribution to the celebration of the centenary of the first Divine Service in New Zealand, conducted by Samuel Marsden at Oihi, in the Bay of Islands, on Christmas Day, 1814.

James Drummond.

Christchurch, New Zealand,
September 1st, 1913.

An Appreciation. By Archdeacon Philip Walsh.

Samuel Marsden came of good Yorkshire stuff, and by his yeoman blood he inherited the sterling and enduring qualities of mind and body usually associated with the typical Yorkshireman. He was of powerful physique, of remarkable endurance, of undaunted courage, and of boundless perseverance; but the great source of all his success was his profound conviction that he was an instrument in God's hand, that he worked under His divine guidance, and that he lived under His almighty protection.

Although he received a fair education, according to the notions of the times, he was a man of action rather than a student; and, except for a deep and careful study of the Bible, in which his candid mind found a meaning often hidden from much profounder theologians, he does not seem to have wandered very far in the field of learning. Indeed, even if his tastes had run in that direction, he could hardly have found time, amid the busy scenes of his active life, for serious and systematic study. What literary ability he possessed may be judged from his writings. They consist chiefly of letters and reports, together with a very voluminous journal, which supplies a deeper impression of the man than any critical biography could give.

The history of his first years in Parramatta is the history of a man patiently, laboriously, and conscientiously doing his duty. “Nothing is too hard for the Lord,” he says in his journal. “This gives me encouragement in my present difficult undertaking.” He surmounts each obstacle as it confronts him, and solves each question as it arises. In addition to his duties as a minister of the Gospel, he was obliged to undertake those of a Magistrate. In that dual capacity, he was able to right many a wrong, and to bring the light of divine love into one of the darkest places on the earth.

His efforts were not confined to the technical discharge of the duties of his offices. He always was watching for an opportunity to ameliorate the condition of those committed to his charge, whether they were prisoners or soldiers, ticket-of-leave men or free labourers. At one time, he is establishing a school for boys and girls, at another time a house of refuge for the victims of lust and cruelty. Later we find him importing additional clergymen, school masters, artisans, and manufacturers. He induces the Government to make grants of land to deserving settlers. He busies himself in the improvement of stock.

While all this is going on, his sympathies reach out to the Australian aborigines, the South Sea Islands Mission, and the Maoris whose roving spirit left them stranded in a foreign land. From what he saw of those Maoris, he formed a very high opinion of the natives of New Zealand, and he became filled with an eager longing to impart to them the blessings of Christian civilization. The story of how this was accomplished, told by the Rev. J. B. Marsden some fifty years ago, and republished now under the editorship of Mr. Drummond, reads like a most fascinating romance.

The long delays, Mr. Marsden's arrival at Oihi in 1814, the wonderful Christmas service at the place now marked by an imposing stone cross, and the foundation of the little missionary settlement, which was the germ of the future colony, are

described in these pages; but the greatness of the enterprise, and the faith and courage with which it was carried out, cannot be fully realised by people who have not seen the locality, or who are not acquainted with the character and customs of the Maoris in those early days. We can only imagine the feelings of the three young missionaries, with their young wives, as they sailed along the cliff-bound coast and into the little bay, with its shingly beach crowded with excited savages. But doubtless they, like their chief, felt secure under the protection of their Divine Master.

Of all the early adventurers in New Zealand, Mr. Marsden was the first to grasp the character of the Maoris, and was the most successful in winning their confidence. Amongst those untutored savages, as amongst the desperadoes of the convict settlement, he bore a charmed life. On his first night ashore in New Zealand, he slept peacefully upon the open ground, surrounded by members of a tribe that had conducted the massacre of the "Boyd," and on his arrival at Oihi he placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the blood-stained Hongi. "If Hongi tells you to settle on that rock," he said to some of the missionaries who wanted to remove to a place where the land was more suitable for cultivation, "you must stop there till he tells you to go. Hongi has given me his promise, and as long as you are in his hands I know you are safe."

This trust was never forfeited. There is not an instance on record where the missionaries were molested. Even in the days of Heke's war, when the Maoris fought against the Imperial troops, the missionaries' lives and property were always respected. Indeed, the missionary station was always a city of refuge in time of trouble.

Mr. Marsden's connection with New Zealand lasted for twenty-three years. During that time, he made no fewer than seven visits, going over a great part of the North Island in increasing areas, establishing new centres as opportunities offered, and generally supervising the work of the mission. His last visit was in 1837, when he was 73 years of age. His health had begun to fail, and he already was feeling the infirmities of old age, but his visit nevertheless was a triumphal progress. He landed at Hokianga, on the West Coast, and was conveyed across the island by a large company of Maoris. They made part of the journey by canoe, but he was carried overland for twenty miles on a kauhoa, or shoulder litter. At every stopping-place he was received by the Christian converts with tears of joy, and by the heathen population with the wardance and the firing of muskets, while all greeted him as the friend and father of the Maoris. He died on the 12th of May in the following year, worn out by the cares and hardships of his long and arduous life, and he was buried under the shadow of his own church at Parramatta.

Samuel Marsden's name will always stand high on the roll of Christian heroes and amongst the names of those who have helped to build up the Christian Church. His natural gifts, and the wide experience gained in his work, fitted him for a task that few could have accomplished. He lived to see the fulfilment of his hopes and prayers, and he died esteemed and regretted even by those who, during his lifetime, had been his hardest critics and his most bitter opponents.

Philip Walsh. Cambridge, New Zealand.

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Chapter I.

Samuel Marsden, whose life is sketched in the following pages, was not ennobled by birth or rank, nor was he greatly distinguished by splendid talents. Yet he was, in the true sense, a great man; and he was an instance—one of the most striking of modern times—of the vast results which may be accomplished when an honest heart, a clear head, and a resolute mind and purpose are directed, under the influence of the grace of God, to the attainment of a noble object.

While he lived he shared the usual lot of people whose large philanthropy outruns the narrow policy of those around them. His motives were seldom understood, and in consequence he was thwarted and maligned. Nor was it till death had removed him from the scene that either the grandeur of his projects or the depth of his self-denying, unobtrusive piety was generally appreciated. At length, however, his character has begun to be revered. It is perceived that he was, at least, a farsighted man; and that in his own labours he was laying the foundations for the successes of thousands; while in the Church of Christ he is held in reverence as the Apostle of New Zealand—a title of high distinction, yet by no means misapplied to one who, in the simplicity of his faith as well as in zeal and self-denying labours, was truly an apostolic man.

Of his early life the memorials are but scanty. His father had a small farm at Farsley, in the parish of Calverley, Yorkshire, where he was born; and both his parents are known in the traditions of his family as having been persons of integrity and piety, attached to the ministry of the Wesleyan Methodists. He was born on the 28th of July, 1764, and after receiving the elements of learning at a village school, was placed in the free grammar-school of Hull, of which the celebrated Mr. Joseph Milner, the ecclesiastical historian, and brother to the no less eminent Dr. Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle, was then head master. Here he was on the same form with Dr. Dealtry, rector of Clapham and Chancellor of Winchester.

Of his early youth little more is known; for his modesty, rather than any sentiment of false shame, to which indeed his whole nature was opposed, seldom permitted him to speak of himself, or to dwell upon the adventures or incidents of his early life. He was removed from school to take his share in the business of his uncle, a tradesman at Horsforth near Leeds; but he now had higher thoughts, and longed to be a minister of Christ. That he was a young man of more than ordinary promise is at once evident from the fact that he was adopted by the Elland Society and placed at St. John's College, Cambridge, to study for the ministry of the Church of England.

The Elland Society, so called from the parish in which its meetings were held, was an institution to which the cause of evangelical truth in the Church of England was much indebted. In its early days, the funds were supplied by Thornton,[*] Simeon[†], Wilberforce[‡], and others like minded with them, and the society was managed by a few devoted clergymen of Yorkshire and the neighbouring counties, amongst whom were Venn,[‖] of Huddersfield, and Joseph Milner.

To this Society Samuel Marsden was introduced by his friend the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, a neighbouring clergyman; and not without some apprehensions, it is said, on the part of the latter, lest his simple and unassuming manner should create a prejudice against

him. Such anxieties were superfluous. The Milners themselves had fought their way to eminence from the weaver's loom, and well knew how to distinguish real worth, however unpretending. The piety, the manly sense, and the modest bearing of the candidate at once won the confidence of the examiners; and he was sent to college at their expense.

* Henry Thornton, a wealthy London banker, merchant, philanthropist, and member of the House of Commons. He gave large sums of money in charity. He was the first treasurer of the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, which afterwards became the Church Missionary Society, and also first treasurer of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

† Charles Simeon, the eminent evangelical preacher. He was distinguished for an impassioned evangelicalism, which at first was bitterly assailed. Later on he exercised a great influence at Cambridge, where he was perpetual curate of Trinity Church, and, indeed in all parts of England and many parts of Scotland. In his time, his conversation-circles at Cambridge were famous. He took a prominent part in establishing the Church Missionary Society, and it was largely on account of his efforts that Henry Martyn was sent to India.

‡ William Wilberforce, who became famous on account of his exertions to bring about the abolition of the slave trade, and who at the time mentioned by the biographer was about 25 years of age.

| The Rev. Harry Venn, Vicar of Huddersfield.

Of his college life we are not aware that any memorials have been preserved. He was, no doubt, a diligent student; and from the warm friendship which existed between him and Mr. Simeon we may infer that he profited from his ministry. He had not yet completed his studies or taken his degree, when, to his great surprise, an offer was made to him by the Government of a chaplaincy in what was then designated “His Majesty's territory of New South Wales.” That a post of such importance should have been offered, unsolicited, to a student hitherto quite unknown, was owing to the influence of Mr. Wilberforce, who was guided in his choice by Joseph Milner. He had already secured the appointment of one pious chaplain to the colony, and from its commencement had always been anxious to promote its moral and religious welfare.

At first, Mr. Marsden declined the tempting offer; for such it undoubtedly was to a young man in his circumstances, although no human sagacity could then foresee its vast importance. He was naturally anxious to complete his studies, and he had a deep and unaffected sense of his own incompetence, while yet so young and inexperienced. The offer, however, was repeated and pressed upon him, when he modestly replied, that he was “sensible of the importance of the post—so sensible, indeed, that he hardly dared to accept it upon any terms, but if no more proper person could be found, he would consent to undertake it.” The choice reflects, no doubt, great credit upon the sagacity and spiritual discernment of those who made it. “Young as he was,” says one who knew him well in after life, Dr. Mason Good, “he was remarkable for firmness of principle, an intrepidity of spirit, a suavity of manner, a

strong judgment, and, above all, a mind stored with knowledge and deeply impressed with religious truth, which promised the happiest results."

He was accordingly appointed as second chaplain to the settlement in New South Wales, by a royal commission, bearing date 1st January, 1793. He was ordained shortly afterwards, and proceeded at once to Hull, from whence he was to take his passage in a convict transport, the only conveyance, at that period, for the far distant colony, a banishment of half a world.

On the 21st of April, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Tristan, in whom, for upwards of thirty years, he found not only an affectionate and faithful wife, but a companion singularly qualified to share his labours and lighten his toils. Disinterested and generous as he was, even to a fault, it was to her admirable management that not only his domestic comfort, but even his means of assisting others so profusely, was owing in no small degree.

While at Hull, an incident occurred which shows to what an extent, even thus early in life, he possessed the art of gaining the respect and warm affection of those who knew him, however slightly. While waiting for the sailing of the ship, he was frequently asked to officiate in various churches. One Sunday morning, when he was just about to enter the pulpit, a signal-gun was heard; his ship was about to sail, and it was of course impossible for him to preach. Taking his bride under his arm, he immediately left the church and walked down to the beach; but he was attended by the whole congregation, who, as if by one movement, followed in a body. From the boat into which he stepped he gave his parting benedictions, which they returned with fervent prayers and tender farewells.

He now found himself in a new world. What contrast could indeed be greater, or more distressing? The calm, though vigorous pursuits of Cambridge, and the pious circle of warm Christian friends, were at once exchanged for the society of felons, and the doubly irksome confinement of a convict-ship. From his journal, which has been fortunately preserved, we make the following extracts, omitting much which our space does not permit us to insert:—

Sunday, 28th August, 1793.—This morning we weighed anchor, with a fair wind, and have sailed well all the day. How different this Sabbath to what I have been accustomed to. Once I could meet the people of God, and assemble with them in the house of prayer; but now am deprived of this valuable privilege; and instead of living among those who love and serve the Lord Jesus, spending the Sabbath in prayer and praise, I hear nothing but oaths and blasphemies. Lord, keep me in the midst of them, and grant that I may neither in word or deed countenance their wicked practices.

The ship was first ordered to Portsmouth to receive the convicts and thence to Cork to join her convoy. Whilst she lay off Portsmouth, Mr. Marsden went on shore in the Isle of Wight, and on Sunday asked and obtained permission to preach in the parish church at Brading. His text was, "Be clothed with humility," 1 Peter v. 5; and amongst the congregation was a young woman, to whom the "word" preached was "quick and powerful," being carried home to her conscience by the Spirit of the living God. To that sermon "The Dairyman's Daughter" owed her conversion, and the Church of Christ her bright example, as depicted by the loving heart and pen of

Legh Richmond.* Mr. Marsden in later life became acquainted with the fact, and was often heard to speak of it with grateful feelings, which the pious reader can imagine far better than we can describe.

It was not till the 30th of September that the fleet in which his ship sailed finally left Cork. The war with France was then raging, and her fleets were still formidable; so that our merchantmen only ventured to put to sea in considerable numbers, and under the convoy of a ship of war.

* "The Dairyman's Daughter" is one of three notable tales of village life published by Legh Richmond. All were written from information collected during the visit to the Isle of Wight. The heroine of "The Dairyman's Daughter" was Elizabeth Wallbridge, to whom the name was applied. She lies buried at Arreton. The other works of the series are "The Young Cottager" and "The Negro Servant." All were reprinted together under the title "Annals of the Poor," and were translated into French, Italian, German, Danish, and Swedish.

Cork, 30th September.—This morning the signal was given by the commodore for all the ships under his convoy to weigh anchor and prepare for sea. About nine o'clock the whole fleet was under sail, which consisted of about forty ships. The wind was very fair, so that we were quickly in the main ocean. I was soon affected by the motion of the vessel; this rendered me quite unfit for any religious duties. Oh! how miserable must their state be who have all their religion to seek when sickness and death come upon them! Lord grant that this may never be my case.

Monday, 23rd October.—I have this day been reading a portion of Dr. Dodd's "Prison Thoughts." What an awful instance of human infirmity is here! What need of humility in every situation, but more especially in the ministerial office! How needful the apostle's caution, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The following entries will be read with pain. The mercantile marine of England is still capable of improvement in matters of religion, but we hope the instances are few in which the commander of a first rate merchant vessel would follow the examples they record.*

Sunday, 29th September.—How different is this Sabbath from those I have formerly known, when I could meet with the great congregation! I long for those means and privileges again. "Oh, when shall I come and appear before God?" Yet it is a consolation to me to believe that I am in the way of my duty. I requested the captain to-day to give me permission to perform Divine Service to the ship's company; he rather hesitated, *said he had never seen a religious sailor*, but at length promised to have service the following Sunday.

* This, of course, is a comment by the biographer written about fifty years ago. He refers to a time about 120 years from the present time, 1913.

Sunday, 6th October.—The last Sabbath the captain promised me I should have liberty to perform Divine Service to-day, but, to my great mortification, he now declines. How unwilling are the unconverted to hear anything of divine truth!

But Mr. Marsden was not one of those who are discouraged by a first repulse. The next Sunday relates his triumph, and from this time, Divine Service, whenever the weather allowed, was statedly performed.

Sunday, 13th.—I arose this morning with a great desire to preach to the ship's company, yet did not know how I should be able to accomplish my wish. We were now four ships in company. Our captain had invited the captains belonging to the other three to dine with us to-day. As soon as they came on board I mentioned my design to one of them, who immediately complied with my wish, and said he would mention it to our captain, which he did, and preparations were made for me to preach. I read part of the Church prayers, and afterwards preached from the third chapter of St. John, the 14th and 15th verses: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness," etc. The sailors stood on the main deck, I and the four captains upon the quarter-deck; they were attentive, and the good effects were apparent during the remainder of the day.

Thursday, 12th December.—I have been reading of the success of Mr. Brainerd* among the Indians. How the Lord owned and blessed his labours to the conversion of the heathen! Nothing is too hard for the Lord. This gives me encouragement under my present difficult undertaking. The same power can effect a change upon those hardened ungodly sinners to whom I am about to carry the words of eternal life.

* David Brainerd, the celebrated missionary. The Scottish Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge appointed him missionary to the North American Indians. In 1744 he took up his residence near the forks of Delaware, in Pennsylvania, but was more successful amongst the Indians of New Jersey. Probably it was his "Account of the Rise and Progress of a remarkable Work of Grace among a Number of Indians in New Jersey" which Mr. Marsden was reading. Brainerd was born in Connecticut in 1718 and died in Massachusetts in 1747.

January 1st, 1794.—A new year. I wish this day to renew my covenant with God, and to give myself up to His service more than ever I have done heretofore. May my little love be increased, my weak faith strengthened, and hope confirmed."

In this humble yet trustful spirit, Mr. Marsden entered his new field of labour. On board the ship there were a number of convicts, whose daring wickedness—in which, indeed, they were countenanced by the whole conduct of the captain and his crew—grieved his righteous soul from day to day; while at the same time it prepared him, in some measure, for scenes amidst which his life was to be spent. "I am surrounded," he says, "with evil-disposed persons, thieves, adulterers, and blasphemers. May God keep me from evil, that I may not be tainted by the evil practices of those amongst whom I live." His last sermon was preached, "notwithstanding the unwillingness there was in all on board to hear the word of God," from the vision of dry bones (Ezekiel xxxvii.). "I found some liberty, and afterwards more comfort in my own soul. I wish to be found faithful at last, and to give up my account with joy to God."

To add to his anxieties, Mrs. Marsden was confined on shipboard, in stormy weather, and under circumstances peculiarly distressing, "though both the mother and daughter did well." But the same day the scene brightened; the perils and privations of the voyage were drawing to a close, and they were in sight of their future home—

that magnificent Australia, destined hereafter to assume, perhaps, a foremost place among the nations of the earth, though scarcely known to Europe when Mr. Marsden first stepped upon its shores: and valued only by the British Government as a settlement for the refuse of gaols. He thus gives utterance to the feelings of a grateful heart:—

March 2nd.—I shall ever retain a grateful sense of the mercies received this day, and the deliverances wrought. The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and knows them that fear Him…. As soon as I had the opportunity to go upon deck, I had the happiness again to behold the land: it was a very pleasing sight, as we had not seen it since the 3rd of December. We came up with the Cape about noon.

In a few days, Mr. Marsden had taken up his abode in the "barracks" of Parramatta, a few miles from Port Jackson, and entered upon his arduous and toilsome duties as chaplain to the colony. His first Sunday in Australia is thus described:—

Saw several persons at work as I went along, to whom I spoke, and warned them of the evil of Sabbath-breaking. My mind was deeply affected with the wickedness I beheld going on. I spoke from the 6th chapter of Revelation, "Behold the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand." As I was returning home, a young man followed me into the wood, and told me how he was distressed for the salvation of his soul. He seemed to manifest the strongest marks of contrition, and to be truly awakened to a sense of his danger. I hope the Lord will have many souls in this place.

He had, for a short time, a single associate, in the Rev. P. Johnson, the senior chaplain, a good and useful minister, but unequal to the difficulties peculiar to his situation. This gentleman soon relinquished his appointment, and returned to England; and thus Mr. Marsden was left alone with a charge which might have appalled the stoutest heart.

Chapter II.

The retirement of the senior chaplain left Mr. Marsden in sole charge of the spiritual concerns of the infant colony. He had now to officiate at the three settlements of Sydney, Parramatta, and Hawkesbury without assistance. The nature of the population, consisting as it did of a mass of criminals, rendered his ministerial labours peculiarly distressing. The state of morals was utterly depraved; oaths and ribaldry, and audacious lying were general; marriage, and the sacred ties of domestic life, were almost unknown, and those who, from their station, should have set an example to the convicts and settlers, encouraged sin in others by the effrontery of their own transgressions. Under discouragement such as would have subdued the spirit of most men, did he, for the long period of fourteen years, continue at his post; cheered it is true with occasional gleams of success, but upon the whole rather a witness against abounding vice than, at present, a successful evangelist.

Nor were domestic trials wanting to complete that process of salutary discipline by which "the great Shepherd of the Sheep" was preparing his servant for other and wider scenes of labour, and for triumphs greater than the Church in these later days

had known. His first-born son, a lovely and promising child scarcely two years old, was thrown from its mother's arms by a sudden jerk of the gig in which they were seated, and killed upon the spot. It would be impossible to describe the agonised feelings of the mother under such a bereavement, nor were the sorrows of the father less profound. He received the tidings, together with the body of his lifeless boy, we are told, with "calm, and even dignified submission," for "he was a man who said little though he felt much."

A second stroke, still more painful, was to follow. Mrs. Marsden, determined not to hazard the safety of another child, left her babe at home in charge of a domestic while she drove out. But her very precaution was the occasion of his death; the little creature strayed into the kitchen unobserved, fell backwards into a pan of boiling water, and its death followed soon after. Thus early in his ministerial career the iron entered his own soul, and taught him that sympathy for the wounded spirit which marked his character through life.

But from these scenes of private suffering we must turn aside. The public life and ministerial labours of Mr. Marsden require our attention; and as we enter upon the review of them we must notice two circumstances which from the very outset of his career exposed him to frequent suspicion and obloquy, both in the colony and at home, and formed in fact the chief materials, so to speak, out of which his opponents wove the calumnies with which they harassed the greater portion of his life.

He had scarcely arrived at his post when he was appointed a colonial Magistrate. Under ordinary circumstances, we should condemn in the strongest manner the union of functions so obviously incompatible as those of the Christian minister and the civil Judge. To use the words of a great authority on judicial questions, a recent Lord Chancellor,* "it is the union of two noble offices to the detriment of both." Yet it seems in the case before us that the office was forced upon Mr. Marsden, not as a complimentary distinction, but as one of the stern duties of his position as a colonial chaplain, who was bound to maintain the authority of the law amidst a population of lawless and dangerous men.

Port Jackson, or Botany Bay as it was generally called, was then and long afterwards merely a penal settlement. The Governor was absolute, and the discipline he enforced was, perhaps of necessity, harsh and rigid. Resistance to the law and its administrators was of daily occurrence; life and property were always insecure, and even armed rebellion sometimes broke out. If the Government thought it necessary, for the safety of this extraordinary community, to select a minister of the Gospel to fill the office of a Magistrate, he had no alternative but to submit, or else to resign his chaplaincy and return Home. Mr. Marsden chose to remain; moved by the hope of being able to infuse something of the spirit of the Gospel into the administration of justice, and to introduce far higher principles than those which he saw prevailing amongst the Magistrates themselves.

* Lord Brougham.

In both of these objects he succeeded to an eminent extent, though not till after the lapse of years, and a remonstrance carried by himself in person to the Government at Home. Justice was dealt even to the greatest criminals more fairly, and the bench of

Magistrates grew at length ashamed, in the presence of the chaplain of Parramatta, of its own hitherto unabashed licentiousness. But the cost was great. He was involved in secular business from day to day, and that often of the most painful kind. His equal-handed justice made him a host of personal enemies in those whose vices he punished; and, still more, in those whose corrupt and partial administration of the law was rebuked by the example of his integrity. In the share he was obliged to take in the civil affairs of the colony differences of opinion would naturally arise, and angry feelings would, as usual, follow. Of course, he was not free from human infirmity; his own temper was sometimes disturbed. Thus for years, especially during his early residence in New South Wales, he was in frequent collision with the Magistrates, and occasionally even with the Governor. Again and again he would have resigned his commission, but was not allowed to do so; meanwhile his mind was often distracted and his character maligned. To these trials we shall be obliged to refer as we trace his steps through life; but we mean to do so as seldom as we can, for the subject is painful, and, as few men can ever be placed in his circumstances, to most of us unprofitable.

Another point on which Mr. Marsden's conduct has been severely, and yet most unjustly, blamed, is that he was engaged in the cultivation of a considerable tract of land. Avarice and secularity were roundly charged upon him in consequence; for it was his painful lot through life to be incessantly accused not only of failings of which he was quite guiltless, but of those which were the most opposite to his real character. A more purely disinterested and unselfish man perhaps never lived. One who under the constant disturbance of every kind of business and employment, still "walked" more "humbly with his God," is not often to be found. Yet the cry once raised against him was never hushed; until at length, having rung in his ears through life, as a warning to him, no doubt, even in his brightest moments of success, that he should "cease from man," it was suddenly put to shame at last and buried with him in his grave.

The circumstances were these: When he arrived in the colony, in the beginning of 1794, it was yet but six years old. The cultivation of land had scarcely begun; it was therefore dependent on supplies of food from Home, and was often reduced to the brink of famine. One cask of meat was all that the King's Stores contained when Mr. Marsden first landed on those shores from which the produce of the most magnificent flocks and herds the world has ever pastured was afterwards to be shipped. Governor Phillip, as we have seen, had laid the foundation of the colony amid scenes of difficulty and trial which it is fearful to contemplate. In September, 1795, Captain Hunter arrived, and following in the steps of his predecessor, exerted himself in clearing land and bringing it under cultivation. To effect this he made a grant to every officer, civil and military, of one hundred acres, and allowed each thirteen convicts as servants to assist in bringing it into order. Mr. Marsden availed himself of the grant, and his farm soon exhibited those marks of superior management which might have been looked for by all who were acquainted with the energy of his character and his love of rural pursuits. Where land was to be had on such easy terms, it was not to be desired or expected that he should be limited to the original grant.

He soon possessed an estate of several hundred acres—the model farm of New South Wales—and, let it not be forgotten, the source from whence those supplies were

drawn which fed the infant missions of the Southern Seas, while at the same time they helped their generous owner to support many a benevolent institution in his own parish and neighbourhood. Years afterwards he was induced to print a pamphlet in justification of his conduct in this as well as other particulars on which it was assailed; and as we copy an extract from it, our feeling is one of shame and sorrow that it should ever have been required. He says:—

I did not consider myself in the same situation, in a temporal point of view, in this colony as a clergyman in England. My situation at that period would bear no such comparison. A clergyman in England lives in the very bosom of his friends; his comforts and conveniences are all within his reach, and he has nothing to do but to feed his flock. On the contrary, I entered a country which was in a state of Nature, and was obliged to plant and sow or starve. It was not from inclination that my colleague and I took the axe, the spade, and the hoe: we could not, from our situation, help ourselves by any other means, and we thought it no disgrace to labour. St. Paul's own hands ministered to his necessities in a cultivated nation, and our hands ministered to our wants in an uncultivated one. If this be cast upon me as a shame and a reproach, I cheerfully bear it, for the remembrance never gives me any cause of reproach or remorse.

Monsieur Perron, a commander sent out by the French Government to search for the unfortunate La Perouse who had recently perished in an exploratory voyage to the islands of the South Pacific, * visited Mr. Marsden's farm in 1802, and records, with the generous admiration his countrymen have never withheld from English enterprise and industry, his astonishment and delight. “No longer,” he exclaims, “than eight years ago, the whole of this spot was covered with immense and useless forests; what pains, what exertions must have been employed! These roads, these pastures, these fields, these harvests, these orchards, these flocks, the work of eight years!” And his admiration of the scene was not greater than his reverence for its owner, “who,” he adds, “while he thus laboured in his various important avocations was not unmindful of the interests of others. He generously interfered in behalf of the poorer settlers in their distresses, established schools for their children, and often relieved their necessities; and to the unhappy culprits, whom the justice of their offended country had banished from their native soil, he administered alternately exhortation and comfort.”

* La Perouse, the distinguished French navigator, anchored in Botany Bay on the 26th of January, 1788. He left Botany Bay in March of the same year, to visit some of the Pacific Islands, but nothing further was heard of him. The mystery of his fate has never been definitely solved, but it is thought that his two vessels were wrecked at the New Hebrides, and that those on board were either drowned or murdered by natives. In 1828, Dumont D'Urville, another French navigator, erected a monument to La Perouse on the Island of Vanikoro, where, it is believed, the wreck took place.

Indeed, it would be no easy task to enumerate all the schemes of social, moral, and spiritual enterprise upon which Mr. Marsden was now employed, and into all of which he appears to have thrown a force and energy generally reserved, even by the zealous philanthropist, for some one favoured project. Thus the state of the female convicts, at a very early period, especially attracted his attention. Their forlorn condition, their frightful immoralities—the almost necessary consequence of the

gross neglect which exposed them to temptation, or rather thrust them into sin—pressed heavily upon him, and formed the subject of many solemn remonstrances, first to the authorities abroad, and, when these were unheeded, to the Government at Home. The wrongs of the aborigines, their heathenism and their savage state, with all its attendant miseries and hopeless prospects in eternity, sank into his heart; and under his care a school arose at Parramatta for their children. The scheme, as we shall explain hereafter, was not successful; but at least it will be admitted "he did well that it was in" his "heart."

He was often consulted by the successive Governors on questions of difficulty and importance, and gave his advice with respect, but at the same time with honest courage. Amusing anecdotes are told of some of their interviews. A misunderstanding had occurred between Governor King and him, which did not, however, prevent the Governor from asking his advice. Mr. Marsden was allowed to make his own terms, which were that he should consider Governor King as a private individual, and as such address him. Much to his credit, the Governor consented. Mr. Marsden then locked the door, and in plain and forcible terms explained to "Captain" King the faults, as he conceived of "Governor" King's administration. They separated on the most friendly terms; and if we admire the courage of the chaplain, we must not overlook the self-command and forbearance of the Governor. With a dash of eccentricity, the affair was honourable to both parties.

Another instance of Mr. Marsden's ready tact and self-possession may be mentioned. Governor King, who possessed, by virtue of his office, the most absolute power, was not only eccentric, but also somewhat choleric. On one occasion, when Mr. Marsden was present, a violent dispute arose between the Governor and the Commissary-general. Mr. Marsden not being at liberty to leave the room, retired to a window, determined not to be a witness of the coming storm. The Governor, in his heat, pushed or collared the Commissary, who in return, pushed or struck the Governor. His Excellency, indignant at the insult, called to the chaplain, "Do you see that, sir?" "Indeed, sir," replied Mr. Marsden, "I see nothing," dwelling with jocular emphasis on the word "see." Thus good humour was immediately restored, and the grave and even treasonable offence of striking the representative of the State was forgotten. These trifling circumstances are worth relating, not only in illustration of Mr. Marsden's character, but of the history of the earlier days of the colony.

But graver duties had already devolved upon him. Amongst the unpublished manuscripts of the London Missionary Society there is one document of singular interest in connection with the name of Samuel Marsden. It is a memorandum of seventeen folio pages on the state and prospects of their missions to Tahiti and the islands in the South Seas, dated "Parramatta, 30th January, 1801," and "read before the Committee" in London—such was the slow, uncertain communication fifty years ago with a colony now brought within sixty days' sail of England—"on the 19th of April, 1802."* Foremost in the literature of another generation will stand those treasures which slumber, for the most part unvalued and undisturbed, on the shelves of our missionary houses. For men will surely one day inquire, with an interest similar to that with which we read of the conversion of Britain in the dim light of Ingulphus and the Saxon Chronicle, or the Venerable Bede, how distant islands were first evangelised, and through what sorrows, errors, and reverses, the first missionary fought his way to victory in continents and islands of the Southern Hemisphere. And

of these, the document which now lies before us will be esteemed as inferior to none in calm and practical wisdom, in piety, or in ardent zeal tempered with discretion.

* It should be remembered that the biographer wrote fifty years ago, and that the time he refers to is more than 100 years ago.

The circumstances which called it forth were these. The Tahitian mission, the first great effort of the London Missionary Society, and indeed the first Protestant mission, with perhaps one exception,† to savage tribes, had hitherto disappointed the sanguine expectations of its promoters. We trust we shall not be thought to make a display of that cheap wisdom which consists in blaming the failures of which the causes were not seen until the catastrophe had occurred, if we say that, great and truly magnificent as the project was, it carried within itself the elements of its own humiliation. The faith and zeal of its founders were beyond all human praise; but in the wisdom which results from experience, they were of course deficient. "To attempt great things, and to expect great things," was their motto; but they did not appreciate the difficulties of the enterprise; nor did they duly estimate the depth of the depravity of the savage heart and mind.

† That of the Moravians to Labrador. The Wesleyans had a mission in the West Indies, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had long had the care of the Danish missions at Malabar. But none of these were missions, in the strict sense, among savages. (Note by the biographer.)

Dr. Haweis, a London clergyman of great piety and note in those days, preached before the Society when the first missionary ship, the *Duff*, was about to sail. He described to his delighted audience the romantic beauty and grandeur of the islands which lie like emeralds upon the calm bosom of the Southern Ocean, and anticipated their immediate conversion as soon as they should hear the first glad tidings of the gospel. The ship sailed from the Tower wharf, with flags flying and banners streaming, as if returning from a triumph, amidst the cheers of the spectators. Amongst the crowd there stood a venerable minister of Christ, leaning upon the arm of a veteran in the service of his Lord. As they turned slowly away from the exciting scene, the aged minister mournfully exclaimed, "I am afraid it will not succeed: there is too much of man in it."* His words were prophetic; for nearly twenty years no success followed, but one sweeping tide of disappointment and disaster; till, at length, when, humbled and dejected, about 1814, the missionaries, as well as the Society at Home, in despair had almost resolved to abandon the station, the work of God appeared in the conversion of the king of Tahiti; and with a rapidity to be compared only to the long, cheerless, period in which they had "laboured in vain, and spent their strength for nought," the missionaries beheld not only Tahiti, but the adjacent islands, transformed into Christian lands.

* The elder one was the Rev. Samuel Bradburn, the friend and associate of Wesley. "The younger minister" was the Rev. G. Marsden, a president of the Wesleyan Conference.

It was in the midst of these disasters that Mr. Marsden was consulted, and wrote the memorandum to which we have referred. If in some places he seems to lay too great stress upon what may appear to the reader prudential considerations of inferior importance, let us remind him that on these very points the missionaries had betrayed their weakness. Their own quarrels, and even the gross misconduct of some few amongst them, were not less painful to the Church at Home than their want of success.

We make a few extracts:—

The first and principal object for the consideration of the directors is to select men properly qualified for the mission; unless persons equal to the task are sent out nothing can be done. It may be asked, who are proper persons, and what are the requisite qualifications? To the question I would reply in general terms. A missionary should be a man of real sound piety, and well acquainted with the depravity of the human heart, as well as experimental religion; he should not be a novice; he should not only be a good man in the strictest sense of the word, but also well informed, not taken from the dregs of the common people, but possessed of some education, and liberal sentiments. He should rather be of a lively active turn of mind than gloomy and heavy. A gloomy ignorant clown will be disgusting even to savages, and excite their contempt. The more easy and affable a missionary is in his address, the more easily will he obtain the confidence and good opinion of the heathen.

In my opinion a man of a melancholy habit is altogether unqualified for a missionary; he will never be able to sustain the hardships attending his situation, nay, he will magnify his dangers and difficulties and make them greater than what in reality they may be. A missionary, were I to define his character, should be a pious good man, should be well acquainted with mankind, should possess some education, should be easy in address, and of an active turn. Some of the missionaries who have come to this colony are the opposite character to the above. They are totally ignorant of mankind, they possess no education, they are clowns in their manners. If the directors are determined to establish a mission in these islands there is another object to be attended to; they must send out a sufficient body and furnish them with the means of self-defence. Unless the missionaries are able to protect themselves from the violence of the natives, they will be in constant danger of being cut off by them. Their lives, if unprotected by their own strength, will hang sometimes perhaps upon the fate of a single battle between two contending chiefs. Can any idea be more distressing than for the lives of a few defenceless missionaries to depend upon the sudden whim or turn of an enraged savage, without the means of self-defence? See them driven, in order to escape the savage fury of the natives, into holes and caverns of the rocks, suffering every hardship that Nature can bear from hunger, toil, and anxiety, without so much as the prospect of relief in time of danger from Europe, or accomplishing in the smallest degree the object of the mission. Yet this must and will be the case, unless the missionaries are furnished with the means of self-defence, and are able to convince the natives of their superiority in point of skill and protection.

Mr. Marsden continued to be through life the confidential adviser of the London Missionary Society, and the warm friend and, as they passed to and fro upon their voyages, the kind host of its missionaries.

His character was now established. The colony was rapidly increasing in importance; and yet no change had been made in its government, which was still committed to the absolute direction of a single mind, that of the colonial Governor. He, too, was a military officer, and not always one of high position and large capacity, or even of the purest morals; for by such men the governorship of his Majesty's territory in New South Wales would have then been disdained. Mr. Marsden had done much, but much more remained to be done. There were mischiefs that lay far beyond his reach, and spurned control. On the first establishment of the colony all the military officers were forbidden to take their wives with them—the Governor and chaplains were the only exceptions—and there is one instance of a lady whose love for her husband led her to steal across the ocean in the disguise of a sailor, and who was actually sent Home again by Governor Phillip without being permitted to land. Our readers may anticipate the consequences which followed in an almost general licentiousness. The most abandoned females often appeared fearlessly before the Magistrates, well knowing that they would have impunity even for the greatest crimes; and male offenders used their influence to obtain a judgment in their favour. Expostulation, remonstrance, and entreaty Mr. Marsden had tried in vain. “Of all existing spots in New South Wales the court of judicature at Sydney,” it was publicly affirmed, “was the most iniquitous and abandoned”; and at length a rebellious spirit broke out, and the authority of the Governor, even in his military capacity, was at an end.

The efforts of the faithful chaplain were now thwarted at the fountain head, and his life was not unfrequently in danger. Mr. Marsden's sagacity fastened the conviction on his mind that a crisis was at hand, which could only be averted by the interference of the Government at Home. He therefore asked for and obtained permission to revisit England. His fears were just; he had already assisted in quelling one rebellion, and another of a more serious nature broke out soon after he embarked, which drove the Governor from the colony, and ended in his recall, and the establishment of a new order of things. The spiritual fruit of Mr. Marsden's labours had not yet been great, but already the foundations had been laid for extensive usefulness. On the eve of his departure, he was presented with a gratifying address, bearing the signatures of three hundred and two persons, “the holders of landed estates, public offices, and other principal inhabitants of the large and extensive settlements of Hawkesbury, Nepean, and Portland-Head, and adjacent parts of New South Wales,” conveying “their grateful thanks for his pious, humane, and exemplary conduct throughout this whole colony, in the various and arduous situations held by him as a minister of the Gospel, superintendent magistrate, inspector of public, orphan, and charity schools, and in other offices.”

They thank him too for “his attention and cares in the improvement of stock, agriculture, and in all other beneficial and useful arts, for the general good of the colony, and for his unremitting exertions for its prosperity,” and conclude: “Your sanctity, philanthropy, and disinterestedness of character will ever remain an example to future ministers; and that God, whom we serve, may pour down his blessings upon you and yours to the latest posterity is the sincere prayer of those who sign this address.”

Chapter III.

Mr. Marsden returned Home in His Majesty's ship *Buffalo*, after an absence of fourteen years. On the voyage he had one of those hairbreadth deliverances in which devout Christians recognise the hand of God. The *Buffalo* was leaky when she sailed, and a heavy gale threatening, it was proposed that the passengers should quit the ship and take refuge in a stauncher vessel which formed one of the fleet. Mr. Marsden objected, Mrs. Marsden being unwilling to leave Mrs. King, the wife of Governor King, who was returning in the same vessel, and who was at the time an invalid. In the night, the expected storm came on. In the morning, the eyes of all on board the crazy *Buffalo* were strained in vain to discover their companion. She was never heard of more, and no doubt had foundered in the hurricane.

On his arrival in London he waited on the Under Secretary of State to report his return, and learned from him that his worst fears had been realised, and that the colony was already in a state of open insurrection, headed by the "New South Wales Corps," who were leagued with several of the wealthier traders. The insurrection, however, was suppressed, and Lieutenant-colonel Macquarie was sent out with his regiment to assume the government. Lord Castlereagh, the Colonial Minister, was quick to perceive the value of such an adviser on the affairs of Australia as Mr. Marsden, and encouraged him to place before the Government a full statement of his views.

Seldom has it happened to a private individual to be charged with weightier or more various affairs, never perhaps with schemes involving more magnificent results. As the obscure chaplain from Botany Bay paced the Strand from the Colonial Office at Whitehall to the chambers in the city where a few pious men were laying plans for Christian missions in the Southern Hemisphere, he was, in fact, charged with projects upon which not only the civilization, but also the eternal welfare of future nations, was suspended.

Nor was he unconscious of the greatness of the task. With a total absence of romance or enthusiasm—for his mind was wanting in the imaginative faculty on which enthusiasm feeds—he was yet fully alive to the possible consequences of his visit to his native shores, and intensely interested in his work. He aimed at nothing less than to see Australia a great country; and with a yet firmer faith, he expected the conversion of the cannibal tribes of New Zealand and the Society Islands; and this at a time when even statesmen had only learned to think of New South Wales as a national prison, and when the conversion of New Zealanders was regarded as a hopeless task, even by the majority of Christian men, and treated by the world with indifference or scorn. In fact, during this short visit he may be said to have planned, perhaps unconsciously, the labours of his whole life, and to have laid the foundation for all the good of which he was to be the instrument.

Let us first turn to the efforts he made for the settlements in New South Wales. The improvement of the convict population was his primary object, and his more immediate duty. He had observed that by far the greater number of reformed criminals consisted of those who had intermarried, or whose wives had been able to purchase their passage over, and he suggested that those of the convicts' wives who chose to do so should be permitted to accompany their husbands even at the public

expense. This was refused, and it was almost the only point upon which his representations failed; but, as a compromise, the wives of the officers and soldiers were permitted to accompany their husbands, and not less than three hundred immediately went with a single regiment.

To encourage honesty and industry he recommended not only remission of the sentence to the well conducted convict, but a grant of land to a certain extent, with which the Government complied. But he had no weak and foolish sympathy with crime, and long after the period at which we are now writing, he continued to incur the hatred of a certain class by protesting, as he never ceased to do, against the monstrous impropriety of placing men, however wealthy, who had themselves been convicts, on the Magisterial Bench.

Amongst the convicts, he had observed, the greater number were acquainted with some branch of mechanics or manufactures; at present, they were unemployed, or occupied in labour for which they were unfit, and which was therefore irksome to themselves and of no advantage to the colony. He therefore suggested that one or two practical mechanics with small salaries, and one or two general manufacturers, should be sent out to instruct the convicts. But here a serious obstacle presented itself; for this was the age of commercial prohibitions, and it was objected that the manufacturers of the Mother Country would be injured by such a step. Mr. Marsden met the objection at once. If the Government would but accede to the proposal, “he would undertake that the enormous expense at which the country was for clothing the convicts should entirely cease within a certain period.” The wool of the Government flocks and the flesh of the wild cattle were already sufficient to provide both food and raiment for the convicts without any expense to the parent State, and all he prayed for was the opportunity of turning those advantages to the best account. These requests were granted, and on the same night, and at his own cost, he set off by the mail for Warwickshire and Yorkshire in search of four artisans and manufacturers, who were soon upon their way to the scene of their future operations.

The vast importance of Australia as the source upon which the English manufacturer must at some future day depend for his supplies of wool had already occupied his thoughts. He found that within three years his own stock, without any care on his part—for his farm was entirely managed in his absence by a trusty bailiff who had been a convict—had upon an average been doubled in number and value. With the energy which was natural to him, he carried some of his own wool to Leeds, where he had it manufactured, and he had the satisfaction to learn that it was considered equal, if not superior, to that of Saxony or France. His private letters abound with intimations that before long Australia must become the great wool-producing country to which the English manufacturer would look.

He was introduced to King George the Third, and took the liberty, through Sir Joseph Banks, of praying for a couple of Merino sheep, His Majesty's property, to improve the breed; and his last letter from England, dated from the Cowes Roads, mentions their reception on board. We anticipate a little, but must quote the letter, if only to let the reader see how possible it is to be at once diligent in business and fervent in spirit:—

We are this moment getting under weigh, and soon expect to be upon the ocean. I have received a present of five Spanish sheep from the king's flock, which are all on board; if I am so fortunate as to get them out they will be a most valuable acquisition to the colony. I leave England with much satisfaction, having obtained so fully the object of my mission. It is the good hand of our God that hath done these things for us. I have the prospect of getting another pious minister. I am writing to him on the subject this morning, and I hope he will soon follow us… On Sunday I stood on the long boat and preached from Ezekiel xviii., 27: "When the wicked man turneth away," etc. It was a solemn time, many of the convicts were affected. We sang the Hundredth Psalm in the midst of a large fleet. The number of souls on board is more than four hundred. God may be gracious to some of them; though exiled from their country and friends, they may cry unto Him in a foreign land, when they come like the Jews of old to hang their harps upon the willows, and weep when they remember Zion, or rather when they remember England.[*]

The spiritual wants of the colony were not forgotten. He induced the Government to send out three additional clergymen and three schoolmasters; and happily the selection was intrusted to his own judgment. A disciple in the school of Venn and Milner, he knew that the ordinances of the church, though administered by a moral and virtuous man, or by a zealous philanthropist, were not enough. He sought for men who were "renewed in the spirit of their minds"; who uttered no mere words of course when they said at their ordination that they "believed themselves moved thereto by the Holy Ghost."

[*] To Mr. Avison Terry, Hull.

But here again his task was difficult; clergymen of such a stamp were but few; the spirit of missionary enterprise was almost unfelt; and, to say the truth, there was a missionary field at home, dark and barbarous, and far too wide for the few such labourers of this class whom the Lord had yet "sent forth into his harvest." Mr. Marsden, however, nothing daunted, went from parish to parish till he met with two admirable men, the Rev. Mr. Cowper and the Rev. Robert Cartwright, who, with their families, accompanied him on his return. His choice was eminently successful. In a short account of Mr. Marsden, published in Australia in 1844, they are spoken of as still living, pious and exemplary clergymen, the fathers of families occupying some of the most important posts in the colony, and, "notwithstanding their advancing years and increasing infirmities," it is added, "there are few young men in the colony so zealous in preaching the Gospel, and in promoting the interests of the Church of England." The schoolmasters, too, we believe, did honour to his choice. He had already established two public free-schools for children of both sexes, and he was now able to impart the elements of a pious education, and to train them in habits of industry and virtue. Into all these plans the Archbishop of Canterbury cordially entered, and wisely and liberally left it to the able founder to select his agents and associates.

Mr. Marsden likewise urged upon the Home Administration the necessity for a Female Penitentiary; and obtained a promise that a building should be provided. That he was deeply alive to the importance of an institution of this kind is manifest in his own description of the state of the female prisoners in the earlier years of the colony, and the deplorable picture he draws of their immorality and wretchedness. "When I

returned to England in 1807," he says, "there were upwards of fourteen hundred women in the colony; more than one thousand were unmarried, and nearly all convicts: many of them were exposed to the most dangerous temptations, privations and sufferings; and no suitable asylum had been provided for the female convicts since the establishment of the colony. On my arrival in London in 1808, I drew up two memorials on their behalf, stating how much they suffered from want of a proper barrack—a building for their reception. One of these memorials I presented to the Under Secretary of State, and the other to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. They both expressed their readiness to promote the object." Years, however, passed before the consent of the colonial Governor could be gained; and Mr. Marsden's benevolent exertions on behalf of these outcast women were for some time frustrated.

The variety of his engagements at this time was equal to their importance. He had returned Home charged with an almost infinite multiplicity of business. He was the agent of almost every poor person in the colony who had, or thought he had, important business at Home. Penny-postages lay in the same dim future as electric telegraphs and steamfrigates, and he was often burdened with letters from Ireland and other remote parts—so wrote a friend, who published at the time a sketch of his proceedings in the *Eclectic Review*—the postage of which, for a single day, has amounted to a guinea, which he cheerfully paid, from the feeling that, although many of these letters were of no use whatever, they were written with a good intention, and under a belief that they were of real value. He had already been saluted, like the Roman generals of old, with the title of common father of his adopted country; and one of his last acts before he quitted England was to procure, by public contributions and donations of books," what he called a lending library"—so writes the reviewer,* and the expression seems to have amused him from its novelty—"consisting of books on religion, morals, mechanics, agriculture, and general history, to be lent out under his own control and that of his colleagues, to soldiers, free settlers, convicts, and others who had time to read." In this, too, he succeeded, and took over with him a library of the value of between £300 and £400.

* Eclectic Review, vol. v., pp. 988–995.

It was during this two years' visit to his native land that Mr. Marsden laid the foundation of the Church of England Mission to New Zealand. In its consequences, civil and religious, this has already proved one of the most extraordinary and most successful of those achievements which are the glory of the Churches in these later times. This was the great enterprise of his life; he will be remembered while the Church on earth endures as the apostle of New Zealand. Not that we claim for him the exclusive honour of being the only one, although we believe he was, in point of time, the first who began, about this period, to project a mission to New Zealand. The Wesleyans were early in the same field. The Rev. Samuel Leigh, a man whose history and natural character bore a marked resemblance to those of Mr. Marsden, was the pioneer of Methodism, and proved himself a worthy herald of the cross amongst the New Zealanders. A warm friendship existed between the two. On his passage homewards he was a guest at Parramatta; and no tinge of jealousy ever appears to have shaded their intercourse, each rejoicing in the triumphs of the other. Still Mr. Marsden's position afforded him peculiar facilities, and having once undertaken it, the superintendence of the New Zealand mission became, without design on his part, the great business of his life.

He had formed a high—we do not think an exaggerated—estimate of the Maori tribes. “They are a noble race,” he writes to his friend, Mr. John Terry, of Hull, “vastly superior in understanding to anything you can imagine in a savage nation.” This was before the mission was begun. But he did not speak merely from hearsay. Several of their chiefs and enterprising warriors had visited Australia, and they ever found a welcome at the hospitable parsonage at Parramatta. Sometimes, it is true, they were but awkward guests, as the following anecdote will show, which we present to the reader, as it has been kindly furnished to us, in the words of one of Mr. Marsden's daughters:

My father had sometimes as many as thirty New Zealanders staying at the parsonage. He possessed extraordinary influence over them. On one occasion, a young lad, the nephew of a chief, died, and his uncle immediately made preparations to sacrifice a slave to attend his spirit into the other world. My father was from home at the moment, and our family were only able to preserve the life of the young New Zealander by hiding him in one of the rooms. Mr. Marsden no sooner returned and reasoned with the chief, than he consented to spare his life. No further attempt was made upon it, though the uncle frequently deplored that his nephew had no attendant in the next world, and seemed afraid to return to New Zealand, lest the father of the young man should reproach him for having given up this, to them, important point.

The Church Missionary Society, which now had been established about seven years, seemed fully disposed to co-operate with him; and at their request he drew up a memorial on the subject of a New Zealand mission, not less important than that we have already mentioned to the London Missionary Society on the subject of their Polynesian missions. He still lays great stress upon the necessity for civilization going first as the pioneer of the gospel, “commerce and the arts having a natural tendency to inculcate industrious and moral habits, open a way for the introduction of the Gospel, and lay the foundation for its continuance when once received.” “…. Nothing, in my opinion, can pave the way for the introduction of the Gospel but civilization.” … “The missionaries,” he thought, “might employ a certain portion of their time in manual labour, and that this neither would nor ought to prevent them from constantly endeavouring to instruct the natives in the great doctrines of the Gospel.” “The arts and religion should go together. I do not mean a native should learn to build a hut or make an axe before he should be told anything of man's fall and redemption, but that these grand subjects should be introduced at every favourable opportunity, while the natives are learning any of the simple arts.” He adds that “four qualifications are absolutely necessary for a missionary—piety, industry, prudence, and patience. Without sound piety, nothing can be expected. A man must feel a lively interest in the eternal welfare of the heathen to spur him on to the discharge of his duty.” On the three other qualifications he enlarges with great wisdom and practical good sense.

It is no dishonour done to Mr. Marsden if we say that, in mature spiritual wisdom, the venerable men who had founded the Church Missionary Society, and still managed its affairs, were at this time his superiors. Strange indeed it would have been had the case been otherwise. They listened gracefully and with deep respect to the opinion of one so well entitled to advise; they determined on the mission, and they gave a high proof of their confidence, both in the practical wisdom and sterling piety of their friend, in consulting him in the choice of their first agents. But they did

not adopt his views with regard to the importance of civilization as the necessary pioneer to the Gospel. So long ago as the year 1815, they thought it necessary to publish a statement of the principles upon which their mission was established. “It has been stated,” they say, “that the mission was originally established, and for a long time systematically conducted, on the principle of first civilizing and then christianising the natives. This is wholly a mistake. The agents employed in establishing the mission were laymen, because clergymen could not be had; and the instructions given to them necessarily correspond with their lay character. The foremost object of the mission has, from the first, been to bring the natives, by the use of all suitable means, under the saving influences of the grace of the Gospel, adding indeed the communication to them of such useful arts and knowledge as might improve their social condition.”

The committee's instructions to their first agents in the mission abundantly sustain these assertions. Mr. William Hall and Mr. John King were the two single-hearted laymen to whom, in the providence of God, the distinguished honour was committed of first making known the Gospel in New Zealand. They bore with them these instructions, before they embarked in the same vessel in which their friend and guide, Mr. Marsden, himself returned to Australia: “Ever bear in mind that the only object of the Society, in sending you to New Zealand, is to introduce the knowledge of Christ among the natives, and, in order to this, the arts of civilized life.”

Then after directing Messrs. Hall and King “to respect the Sabbath Day,” to “establish family worship,” at any favourable opportunity to “converse with the natives on the great subject of religion,” and to “instruct their children in the knowledge of Christianity,” the instructions add: “Thus in your religious conduct you must observe the Sabbath and keep it holy, attend regularly to family worship, talk to the natives about religion when you walk by the way, when you labour in the field, and on all occasions when you can gain their attention, and lay yourselves out for the education of the young.”

Mr. Thomas Kendall followed; a third layman, for no ordained clergyman of the Church of England could yet be found. The same instructions were repeated, and in December, 1815, when the Rev. John Butler, their first clerical missionary, entered on his labours in New Zealand, he and his companions were exhorted thus: “The committee would observe that they wish, in all the missions of the Society, that the missionaries should give their time as much as possible, and wholly if practicable, first to the acquisition of the native language, and then to the constant and faithful preaching to the natives.” It is subsequently added: “Do not mistake civilization for conversion. Do not imagine when heathens are raised in intellect, in the knowledge of the arts and outward decencies, about their fellow-countrymen, that they are Christians, and therefore rest content as if your proper work were accomplished. Our great aim is far higher; it is to make them children of God and heirs of his glory. Let this be your desire, and prayer, and labour among them. And while you rejoice in communicating every other good, think little or nothing done till you see those who were dead in trespasses and sins quickened together with Christ.” These passages fully exhibit the views of the committee of this evangelical Society with regard not only to the New Zealand, but also to all their other missions.

Before he left England, Mr. Marsden formed or renewed an acquaintance with many great and good men, Mr. Wilberforce, Sir George Grey,* the Rev. Daniel Wilson (Bishop of Calcutta), the Rev. Charles Simeon, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, and others whose names are dear to the Church of Christ. But we must particularly notice the friendship which he formed with Dr. Mason Good as productive of the highest blessings to his friend, and of much advantage to himself.

* Sir George Grey was a grandson of the first Earl Grey. His mother was a lady of strong religious convictions, and from her he learnt a simple piety which moulded his character and accompanied him throughout a long life. He originally took holy orders, but afterwards entered public life. As a member of the House of Commons he was regarded as an able speaker and a man of sterling worth. He occupied positions in the Cabinets of Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell. When he lost his seat for North Northumberland in 1852, 13,000 working men presented him with a testimonial. He died in 1882.

The life of this excellent and accomplished person was published by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, soon after his death, in 1828. He tells us that Dr. Mason Good, when he became acquainted with Mr. Marsden, had long professed Socinian* principles, but of these had recently begun to doubt, while he had not yet embraced the Gospel of Christ so as to derive either comfort or strength from it. He was anxious and inquiring; his father had been an orthodox dissenting minister, and he himself a constant student and indeed a critical expositor of the Bible. He had published a translation of the book of Job, with notes, and also a translation of Solomon's Song of Songs. He saw in the latter “a sublime and mystic allegory, and in the former a poem, than which nothing can be purer in its morality, nothing sublimer in its philosophy, nothing more majestic in its creed.” He had given beautiful translations of many of the Psalms; but with all this he had not yet perceived that Christ is the great theme of the Old Testament, nor did he understand the salvation of which “David in the Psalms, and all the prophets,” as well as Job the patriarch “did speak.” His introduction to Mr. Marsden, in such a state of mind, was surely providential. He saw, and wondered at, his self-denial; he admired the true sublimity of his humble, unassuming, but unquestionable and active piety. “The first time I saw Mr. Marsden,"says Dr. Gregory, “was in January, 1808; he had just returned from Hull, and had travelled nearly the whole journey on the outside of a coach in a heavy fall of snow, being unable to secure an inside place. He seemed scarcely conscious of the inclemency of the season, and declared that he felt no inconvenience from the journey. He had accomplished his object, and that was enough. And what was that object, which could raise him above the exhaustion of fatigue and the sense of severe cold? He had engaged a rope-maker who was willing, at his (Mr. Marsden's) own expense, to go and teach his art to the New Zealanders.”

* The Socinian doctrines, somewhat modified, now are popularly known as Unitarianism. Unitarians were not granted full toleration in England until 1813, about five years after the time referred to in this passage by the biographer. Dr. John Mason Good was well known in his day as a London physician and a poet and writer on philology. He published a large number of books, including “The Study of Medicine.” He was a member of the Unitarian Church of London, and afterwards joined the Established Church.

As a philosopher who loved to trace phenomena to their causes, Dr. Mason Good endeavoured to ascertain the principles from which these unremitting exertions sprang; and, as he often assured his friend, Dr. Gregory, he could trace them only to the elevating influence of Divine Grace. He could find no other clue; and he often repeated the wish that his own motives were as pure and his own conduct as exemplary as those of Mr. Marsden.

Chapter IV.

Mr. Marsden took what proved to be his last leave of his native land in August, 1809. Resolute as he was, and nerved for danger, a shade of depression passed over him.

"The ship, I understand," he writes to Mrs. Mason Good, "is nearly ready. This land in which we live is polluted, and cannot, on account of sin, give rest to any of its inhabitants. Those who have (sought) and still do seek their happiness in anything it can give, will meet nothing but disappointment, vexation, and sorrow. If we have only a common share of human happiness, we cannot have or hope for more."

A few weeks afterwards he addressed the same lady as follows:—

Cambridge, August 1st, 1809.

Yesterday I assisted my much esteemed friend, Mr. Simeon, but here I shall have no continuing city. The signal will soon be given, the anchor weighed, and the sails spread, and the ship compelled to enter the mighty ocean to seek for distant lands. I was determined to take another peep at Cambridge, though conscious I could but enjoy those beautiful scenes for a moment. In a few days we shall set off for Portsmouth. All this turning and wheeling about from place to place, and from nation to nation, I trust is our right way to the heavenly Canaan. I am happy in the conclusion, to inform you that I have got all my business settled in London much to my satisfaction, both with Government and in other respects. The object of my mission has been answered far beyond my expectations. I believe that God has gracious designs towards New South Wales, and that His Gospel will take root there, and spread amongst the heathen nations to the glory of His grace.

I have the honour to be, dear madam,

Yours in every Christian bond,

Samuel Marsden.

The ship *Ann*, in which he sailed, by order of the Government, for New South Wales, had been some time at sea before Mr. Marsden observed on the forecastle, amongst the common sailors, a man whose darker skin and wretched appearance awakened his sympathy. The man was wrapped in an old great coat, was very sick and weak, and had a violent cough, accompanied with profuse bleeding. He was much dejected, and appeared as though a few days would close his life. This was Duaterra,* a New Zealand chief, whose story, as related by Mr. Marsden himself, is almost too strange for fiction. And as "this young chief became," as he tells us, "one of the principal

instruments in preparing the way for the introduction of the arts of civilization and the knowledge of Christianity into his native country," a brief sketch of his marvellous adventures will not be out of place.

* Ruatara. The biographer's spelling of the name has been maintained throughout.

When the existence of New Zealand was yet scarcely known to Europeans, it was occasionally visited by a South Sea whaler distressed for provisions, or in want of water. One of these, the *Argo*, put into the Bay of Islands in 1805, and Duaterra, fired with the spirit of adventure, embarked on board with two of his companions. The *Argo* remained on the New Zealand coast for above five months, and then sailed for Port Jackson, the modern Sydney of Australia, Duaterra sailing with her. Duaterra had been six months on board, working in general as a common sailor, and passionately fond of this roving life. He then experienced that unkindness and foul play of which the New Zealander has always had sad reason to complain.* He was left on shore without a friend and without the slightest remuneration

He now shipped himself on board the *Albion* whaler, Captain Richardson, whose name deserves honourable mention; he behaved very kindly to Duaterra, repaid him for his services in various European articles, and after six months' cruising on the fisheries, put him on shore in the Bay of Islands, where his tribe dwelt. Here he remained six months, when the *Santa Anna* anchored in the bay, on her way to Norfolk Island and other islets of the South Sea in quest of seal skins.

* As soon as civil government was established, the Maoris were treated with justice, consideration and kindness.

The restless Duaterra again embarked; he was put on shore on Norfolk Island at the head of a party of fourteen sailors, provided with a very scanty supply of water, bread, and salt provisions, to kill seals, while the ship sailed, intending to be absent but a short time, to procure potatoes and pork in New Zealand. On her return she was blown off the coast in a storm, and did not make the land for a month. The sealing party were now in the greatest distress, and accustomed as he was to hardship, Duaterra often spoke of the extreme suffering which he and his party had endured, while, for upwards of three months, they existed on a desert island with no other food than seals and sea fowls, and no water except when a shower of rain happened to fall. Three of his companions, two Europeans and one Tahitian, died under these distresses.

At length the *Santa Anna* returned, having procured a valuable cargo of seal skins, and prepared to take her departure homewards. Duaterra had now an opportunity of gratifying an ardent desire he had for some time entertained of visiting that remote country from which so many vast ships were sent, and to see with his own eyes the great chief of so wonderful a people. He willingly risked the voyage, as a common sailor, to visit England and see King George.

The *Santa Anna* arrived in the river Thames about July, 1809, and Duaterra now requested that the captain would make good his promise, and indulge him with at

least a sight of the king. Again he had a sad proof of the perfidiousness of Europeans. Sometimes he was told that no one was allowed to see King George; sometimes that his house could not be found. This distressed him exceedingly; he saw little of London, was ill-used, and seldom permitted to go on shore. In about fifteen days the vessel had discharged her cargo, when the captain told him that he should put him on board the *Ann*, which had been taken up by Government to convey convicts to New South Wales. The *Ann* had already dropped down to Gravesend, and Duaterra asked the master of the *Santa Anna* for some wages and clothing. He refused to give him any, telling him that the owners at Port Jackson would pay him in two muskets for his services on his arrival there; but even these he never received.

Mr. Marsden was at this time in London, quite ignorant of the fact that the son of a New Zealand chief, in circumstances so pitiable, lay on board a South Sea whaler near London bridge. Their first meeting was on board the *Ann*, as we have stated, when she had been some days at sea. His sympathies were at once roused, and his indignation, too; for it was always ill for the oppressor when he fell within the power of his stern rebuke.

"I inquired," he says, "of the master where he met with him, and also of Duaterra what had brought him to England, and how he came to be so wretched and miserable. He told me that the hardships and wrongs which he had endured on board the *Santa Anna* were exceedingly great, and that the English sailors had beaten him very much, which was the cause of his spitting blood, and that the master had defrauded him of all his wages, and prevented his seeing the King. I should have been very happy, if there had been time, to call the master of the *Santa Anna* to account for his conduct, but it was too late. I endeavoured to soothe his afflictions, and assured him that he should be protected from insults, and that his wants should be supplied."

By the kindness of those on board, Duaterra recovered, and was ever after truly grateful for the attention shown him. On their arrival at Sydney, Mr. Marsden took him into his house for six months, during which time Duaterra applied himself to agriculture; he then wished to return home, and embarked for New Zealand; but further perils and adventures were in prospect, and we shall have occasion to advert to them hereafter. For the present we leave him on his voyage to his island home.

The *Ann* touched on her passage out at Rio Janeiro, and Mr. Marsden spent a short time on shore, where his active mind, already, one would suppose, burthened with cares and projects, discovered a new field of labour. The ignorance and superstition of a popish city stirred his spirit, like that of Paul at Athens. He wrote Home to entreat the Church Missionary Society, if possible, to send them teachers; but this lay not within their province. From a letter of Sir George Grey, addressed to him, it appears that he had interested some members of the English Government in the subject, and that while at Rio he had been active in distributing the Scriptures.

But he was now to resume his labours in Australia, where he arrived in safety, fondly calculating upon a long season of peaceful toil in his heavenly Master's service. His mind was occupied with various projects, both for the good of the colony and of the heathen round about. His own letters, simply and hastily thrown off in all the confidence of friendship, will show how eagerly he plunged, and with what a total absence of selfish considerations, into the work before him:

Parramatta, October 26, 1810.

To John Terry, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I received your kind and affectionate letter, also a bottle of wheat, with the Hull papers, from your brother; for all of which I feel much indebted. We had a very fine passage, and I found my affairs much better than I had any reason to expect. The revolution had caused much distress to many families, and the settlement has been thrown much back by this event. My wishes for the general welfare of the colony have been more successful than I expected they would be. The rising generation are now under education in almost all parts of the country. The Catholic priests have all left us, so that we have now the whole field to ourselves. I trust much good will be done; some amongst us are turning to the Lord. Our Churches are well attended, which is promising and encouraging to us. My colleagues are men of piety and four of the schoolmasters. This will become a great country in time, it is much favoured in its soil and climate. I am very anxious for the instruction of the New Zealanders; they are a noble race, vastly superior in understanding to anything you can imagine a savage nation could attain. Mr. Hall, who was in Hull, and came out with us with an intention to proceed to New Zealand as a missionary, has not yet proceeded, in consequence of a melancholy difference between the natives of that island and the crew of a ship called the *Boyd*. The ship was burnt, and all the crew murdered; our people, it appears, were the first aggressors, and dearly paid for their conduct towards the natives by the loss of their lives and ship. I do not think that this awful event will prevent the establishment of a mission at New Zealand. Time must be allowed for the difference to be made up, and for confidence to be restored. I wrote a letter to Mr. Hardcastle, and another to Rev. J. Pratt, Secretary to the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, and have pointed out to them the necessity of having a ship constantly employed in visiting the islands in the South Seas, for the convenience, safety, and protection of the missionaries, either at Otaheite* and New Zealand, or at any other island upon which they may reside.

Yours respectfully,

Samuel Marsden.

* Tahiti.

The new Governor, General Macquarie, had arrived out a few months before Mr. Marsden. He was an able commander, and had the good of the colony much at heart; and he had a task of no little difficulty to perform, in reducing what was still a penal colony, just recovering from a state of insurrection, into order and obedience. His powers were great; he considered them absolute. Mr. Marsden, too, was justly tenacious of public morality and virtue, and still more so of the spiritual independence of the ministerial character. It seems that the rights of the Governor on the one side, and those of the ministers of religion on the other, had not been accurately defined by the Government at Home, and thus a collision between two minds so firm and so resolute as those of the Governor and Mr. Marsden was inevitable. Occasions of difference soon arose. The Governor, anxious, we doubt not, to raise their character and elevate their position, with a view to the future welfare of

the colony, placed several of the convicts on the Magisterial Bench, treated them with respect, and even invited them to his table.

With these men, Mr. Marsden refused, as a Magistrate, to act, or to meet them in society on equal terms. Some of them were notoriously persons of a bad and vicious life; while none of them, he thought, could, without gross impropriety, punish others judicially for the infraction of that law which they themselves had broken. He would gladly have resigned his Magisterial office, but the Governor knew the worth of his services, and refused to accept his resignation, which was repeatedly tendered. The new Magistrates, of course, were offended, and became his bitter foes; and some of them harassed him for twenty years with slanders and libellous insults, until at length an appeal to the laws of his country vindicated his reputation and silenced his opponents.

Mr. Marsden relates that Governor Macquarie once sent for him to the Government House, and commanded him to produce the manuscript of a sermon which he had preached nearly a year before. He did so, when the Governor severely commented upon it, and returned it with the remark that one sentence, which it is more than probable he did not understand, was “almost downright blasphemy.”

The junior clergy, of course, were still more exposed to the same despotic interference. The Governor wished to prescribe the hymns they should sing, as well as the doctrines they should teach; and he repeatedly insisted on their giving out, during Divine Service, secular notices of so improper a character that the military officers in attendance expressed their disgust.

The Governor, at one time, even threatened Mr. Marsden with a court-martial; nor was the threat altogether an empty one, for he actually brought one of the junior chaplains, Mr. Vale, before a court-martial, and had him dismissed from the colony.

Yet amidst all these distractions Mr. Marsden's letters testify that he possessed his soul in peace, and that “no root of bitterness, troubled” him. He speaks with respect of the Governor, gives him credit for good intentions, and acknowledges the many benefits he conferred upon the colony; and when at length he was on the eve of returning home, Governor Macquarie himself bore testimony to the piety, integrity, and invaluable services of the only man who had dared patiently yet firmly to contend with him during a long course of years.

Mr. Marsden rose early, generally at four o'clock during the summer; and the morning hours were spent in his study. In the early days of the colony, Mr. Marsden used to officiate in the morning at St. Philip's, Sydney. Roads were bad and conveyances scarce, and he often walked fifteen miles to Parramatta, where he conducted another service and preached again. His preaching is described as very plain, full of good sense and manly thought, and treating chiefly of the great foundation truths of the Gospel. Those who came to hear a great preacher went away disappointed; those who came to pass a listless hour were sometimes grievously disturbed.

The authenticity of the following anecdote has been assured to us by Mr. Marsden's friends:—He was one day walking by the banks of the river, when a convict as he

passed plunged into the water. Mr. Marsden threw off his coat, and in an instant plunged in after him and endeavoured to bring the man to land. He, however, contrived to get Mr. Marsden's head under the water, and a desperate struggle for life ensued between them; till Mr. Marsden, being the stronger of the two, succeeded, not only in getting safe to shore, but also in dragging the man with him.

The poor fellow, struck with remorse, confessed his intention. He had resolved to have his revenge on the senior chaplain, whose offence was that he had preached a sermon which had stung him to the quick; and he believed that the preacher had meant to hold him up to the scorn of the congregation. He knew, too, that the sight of a drowning fellow-creature would draw out the instant help of one who never knew what fear was in the discharge of duty; and he threw himself into the stream confident of drowning Mr. Marsden, and then of making good his own escape. He became very penitent, was a useful member of society, and greatly attached to his deliverer, who afterwards took him into his own service, where he remained for some years. We cannot give a more painful illustration of the malignity with which he was pursued, than to state that the current version of this story in the colony was that the convict had been unjustly punished by Mr. Marsden as a Magistrate, and took this method of revenge.

He made the most, too, of his opportunities. At a time when there were very few churches or clergymen, and the settlers were widely scattered over large tracts, he frequently made an itinerating ministerial visit amongst them. He was everywhere received with the greatest cordiality and respect. On arriving at a farm, a man on horseback was immediately dispatched to all the neighbours within ten or twelve miles to collect them for public worship. The settlers gladly availed themselves of these opportunities, and assembled in numbers varying from sixty to eighty, when Divine Service was conducted in a vacant barn or under the shade of a verandah. The next day, he proceeded twenty or twenty-five miles further on in the wilds, and again collected a congregation. These tours would often extend over ten days or a fortnight, and were repeated as his more settled duties permitted. Thus his name became a household word, pronounced with love and gratitude far beyond the limits of his parish, or even of the colony; and probably he found some of his most willing hearers amongst those to whom he thus carried in their solitude the glad tidings of a salvation which when offered to them week by week at home they had neglected or despised.

Mr. Marsden's Cottage at Parramatta in 1836.

Yet his duties as principal chaplain were not neglected. From a General Government Order, dated September, 1810, it appears that amongst them were those of an overseer, or chief pastor of the Church. “The assistant chaplains are directed to consider themselves at all times under the immediate control and superintendence of the principal chaplain, and are to make such occasional reports to him respecting their clerical duties as he may think proper to require or call for.” This is a high tribute to his worth under the circumstances in which he was placed by his opposition to the Governor. The chaplains frequently sought his protection against arbitrary power, and he willingly fought their battles and his own in defence of liberty of conscience and the right of conducting worship undisturbed.

His connection with his clerical brethren seems to have been uniformly happy, and the same remark is true of the missionaries of various denominations, not a few in number, who, during a period of twenty years, were virtually under his control. He had undoubtedly the rare power of governing others in a very high degree, and it was done noiselessly and with a gentle hand; for the men who govern well seldom obtrude their authority in an offensive manner, or worry those they should control with a petty interference. He had the same kind of influence, and probably from the same cause, over the very horses in his carriage. He used, in driving from Sydney to Parramatta, to throw the reins behind the dash-board, take up his book, and leave them to themselves, his maxim being “that the horse that could not keep itself up was not worth driving.” One of the pair was almost unmanageable in other hands, but it was remarked that “Captain” always conducted himself well when his master drove, and never had an accident.

Amongst his strictly pastoral cares, two schools for orphans had a foremost place. A female orphan school was first proposed, and Mr. Marsden undertook the direction of the work, and became treasurer to the institution. From its formation in 1800 to the year 1821, two hundred children were admitted. A male orphan school followed in due course, in which the boys were instructed in some trade, and then apprenticed. In both schools the moral and religious training was the chief consideration; yet Mr. Marsden's connection with them was attributed by his enemies to a sordid motive,

and even those in power, who should have known him better, gave public currency to these injurious reports.

The fact was that when the institutions were founded the treasurer was allowed a small percentage upon the receipts, as a clerical fee or stipend; this he allowed to accumulate until he resigned the office, when he presented the whole sum to the institution. The committee absolutely refusing to accept it, he purchased cattle from the Government to the full amount, and made a present of them to the orphan schools.

Soon after his return from England it became necessary to erect new schools. The work was long and tedious, and, owing to the want of labour in the colony, and the idle and drunken habits of the labourers, nearly ten years elapsed before they were completed, and the work too was often at a stand for want of funds. These, however, Mr. Marsden—whom no pecuniary obstacles could daunt—supplied in a great measure out of his own purse, till his advances amounted to nearly £900; and his disinterested conduct in the end occasioned him very considerable loss. To the latest period he never ceased to take the warmest interest in the prosperity of these institutions.

“I am sure,” says his daughter, “my father's parish was not neglected. He was well known to all his parishioners, as he was in the habit of constantly calling upon them. He was very attentive to the sick, whether at their own homes or at the Government hospital. He also took great interest in the education of the young. It was through his instrumentality that many schools were established. His Sunday School, at the time of which I speak, was in a more efficient state than any I have since seen; but this my brother-in-law, the Rev. T. Hassell, had a great deal to do with, as he was then acting as my father's curate. The factory for the reception of female convicts was built entirely by his suggestion, and to their religious and moral improvement he devoted a good deal of his time. It was principally owing to his endeavours to get this and other institutions in good order that much of his discomfort with his fellow-magistrates and Government officers arose.”

Governor Macquarie, after consulting Mr. Marsden, attempted to establish a farm for the Australian natives, and, in connection with it, a kind of reformatory school at Parramatta, where they were to be civilized and cured of their migratory habits, and instructed in the Christian religion. Mr. Marsden took a warm interest in the scheme, as he did in everything that concerned the welfare of the aborigines. Still it failed; for it was founded, as experience has shown, upon wrong principles. Mr. Marsden, however, is not to be blamed for this; as Governor Macquarie, having now conceived a violent prejudice against him, omitted his name from the Committee of Management, although the institution was placed in his own parish, introducing those of two junior chaplains; and it was not till the Governor's retirement that he took an active part in its affairs. But the character of the institution was then fixed, and its approaching failure was evident.

Mr. Marsden's view of the Australian native's character may be gathered from the following statement, which he published in self-defence when charged with indifference as to their conversion: “More than twenty years ago, a native lived with me at Parramatta, and for a while I thought I could make something of him; but at length he got tired, and no inducement could prevail upon him to continue in my

house; he took to the bush again, where he has continued ever since. One of my colleagues, the Rev. R. Johnstone, took two native girls into his house, for the express purpose of educating them; they were fed and clothed like Europeans; but in a short time they went into the woods again. Another native, named Daniel, was taken when a boy into the family of Mrs. C.; he was taken to England; mixed there with the best society, and could speak English well; but on his return from England he reverted to his former wild pursuits."

Without multiplying instances quoted by Mr. Marsden, the trial he made with an infant shows that his heart was not unfriendly towards these people: "One of my boys, whom I attempted to civilize, was taken from its mother's breast, and brought up with my own children for twelve years; but he retained his instinctive taste for native food; and he wanted that attachment to me and my family that we had just reason to look for; and always seemed deficient in those feelings of affection which are the very bonds of social life."

This boy ran away at Rio from Mr. Marsden, when returning from England in 1810, but was brought back to the colony by Captain Piper; and died in the Sydney hospital, exhibiting Christian faith and penitence.

"I mentioned to the Governor," he adds, "some of these circumstances, but not with any view to create difficulties; so far from it, that I informed him that I was authorised by the Church Missionary Society to assist any plan with pecuniary aid that was likely to benefit the natives of the colony." A mission was in fact set on foot by this Society; but from various causes it failed, and was abandoned.

Chapter V.

Richard Baxter, after describing his ministerial labours at Kidderminster in preaching and visiting from house to house, has these remarkable words: "But all these, my labours, even preaching and preparing for it, were but my recreations, and, as it were, the work of my spare hours; for my writings were my chiefest daily labour." Mr. Marsden had his recreations, too. Amidst the anxieties of his colonial chaplaincy he found or made opportunities to conduct a work which of itself would have been sufficient to exhaust the energies and to immortalise the memory of any other man. We devote this chapter to a short, and, of necessity, imperfect sketch of these his recreations in the missionary field.

On his return from England in 1810, he found disastrous tidings of the Tahitian mission awaiting his arrival. Disheartened by their utter want of success, divided amongst themselves, distracted with fears of danger from the natives, several of the missionaries had fled from their posts, and taken refuge in New South Wales. The work appeared to be on the eve of ruin, and it was owing in no small measure to the firmness and wise conduct of Mr. Marsden that it was not, for a time at least, abandoned. "Sooner," he says, in one of his letters to the Society at Home, "than *that* shall be the case, I will give up my chaplaincy, and go myself and live at Otaheite."

Yet it was no easy task to inspire others with his own courage, or to impart his hopeful spirit to a desponding band of men. He felt the difficulty, and acted towards

them in the most considerate manner. Instead of at once insisting on their return, he received them into his family, where, it is scarcely necessary to say, they were treated with that patriarchal hospitality for which the parsonage of Parramatta was famed. When a few months had passed, and their spirits were cheered and their health restored, the question of their return to Tahiti was introduced and quietly discussed. Their kind and pious host had never for an instant doubted their ultimate success. We have perused numerous letters addressed by him to the London Missionary Society, and to various friends in England; but in not one of them is the shadow of a doubt expressed as to the triumph of the Gospel in Tahiti and the Society Islands; and we may extend the remark to the New Zealand mission, as shown by his correspondence with the Church Missionary Society a few years later.

About this period a reaction had taken place in England amongst religious people. The fond hopes they had unwisely entertained of seeing vast results wherever the Gospel was introduced among the heathen and upon the first proclamation of it had been grievously disturbed; and now the tide ran in the opposite direction. Nothing appears to have given Mr. Marsden more uneasiness than the general lukewarmness of the Church of Christ at Home, and their despondency as to the success of missions. He speaks of his "anxious days and sleepless nights." But his own courage never failed; and this high undoubting faith rests always on the same foundation. The missionaries were induced to return to their deserted posts; and to resume their work in a higher spirit of faith and cheerfulness. It was not long before hopeful signs broke out, and within ten years Pomare, the sovereign, became a Christian king, and the island of Tahiti a Christian land.

The distance of these missions from Australia, and the difficulty of communicating with them, suggested to Mr. Marsden the advantage of employing a vessel entirely on missionary service. When his mind was once made up, he lost no time. The consent of the societies in England could not all at once be gained; so he resolved, at his own cost, to purchase a missionary ship, the first probably that ever floated on the sea, and bought the *Active*, a brig of 100 tons burden, for the service of the two great missions on which his heart was fixed.

The following letter, addressed to the Rev. George Burder, though written two years later, is introduced here to complete our summary of the re-establishment of the Tahitian mission:—

Parramatta, June 5th, 1815.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I received a short letter from you by the late arrivals, and found you had not got any very interesting accounts from the brethren at Otaheite. The last account I had from them, they were going on exceedingly well, and the Lord was owning and blessing their labours. You will hear I lately visited New Zealand, and also my views of that island. Finding that the societies in London could not make up their minds, neither as a body nor as individuals, to send out a vessel, I at last determined to purchase one for the purpose on my own account. The various expenses attending it have created me some little pecuniary difficulties; but they are only known to myself, and not such as will be attended with any serious consequence. I hope in a little time I shall be able to surmount them; whether I shall keep the vessel in my own hands or not, I am not certain as yet. I cannot do it without some

assistance at the first; if I could, I certainly would not trouble any of my friends. The vessel has been twice at New Zealand, and is gone a third time. When she returns I intend her to visit the brethren at Otaheite. It is my intention that she should sail in August next to Otaheite. The brethren there have been labouring hard to build a vessel for themselves, which is almost completed. I have agreed to take a share with them in her. During the time the brethren have been building their vessel, the work of the Lord appears to have prospered very much, far beyond all expectation. I estimate the expenses of the vessel at £1500 per annum, and I think, if I am not mistaken in my views, that her returns will not be less than £1000 per annum, and perhaps more. I may venture to say I should not call on the two Societies for more than the sum I have stated, namely £500 per annum from this time. I will not demand anything if the returns cover the expenses for the use of the vessel.

These returns were to be obtained by "freighting the *Active* with the produce of the industry of the natives, and trading with them in return." This would "stimulate their exertions, correct their vagrant minds, and enrich them with the comforts and conveniences of civil life." The letter concludes by suggesting yet another mission, for the large heart of the writer saw in the approaching triumph of the Gospel in his favourite missions only a call to fresh exertions.

I wish to mention to you that it would be a great object if the Society would turn their thoughts a little to the Friendly Islands. New Zealand being on one side, and the Society Islands on the other, with labourers now upon them, the Friendly Islands ought not to be left destitute. These islands are very populous, and as the London Missionary Society first began the work there, I think they should renew their attempt. I cannot recommend any establishment upon any of the islands in the South Seas, unless commerce is more or less attended to, in order to call forth the industry of the natives. Provided the Society as a body will not consent to have anything to do with commerce, I see no reason why a few pious friends might not, who wish to aid the missionary cause. You cannot form a nation without commerce and the civil arts. A person of information who is well acquainted with the Friendly Islands informed me that the labour of a hundred thousand men might be brought into action upon these islands in producing sugar, cordage, cotton, etc…. A hundred thousand men will never form themselves into any regular society, and enjoy the productions of their country, without commerce. Should the Society have any doubts upon the point, let them authorize an inquiry into the state of these islands, when there is an opportunity to examine them, and a report of their inhabitants and their productions laid out before them.

Mr. Marsden then describes the openings at New Zealand, and concludes a long letter thus:

I have stated my sentiments with great haste. You will excuse the hasty scrawl. I can assure you my sincere wish and prayer to the great Head of the Church is that all may prosper that love Him.

I am, dear sir, yours affectionately,

S. Marsden.

A postscript adds:—

Since writing this letter, I have determined to keep the *Active* in my own hands.

The designation of two laymen, Messrs. Hall and King, for the New Zealand mission by the Church Missionary Society in 1808 has been mentioned. They sailed from England, with Mr. Marsden, in 1810, and were soon after followed by Mr. Kendall, and the three assembled at New South Wales, intending to sail thence without delay for the scene of their future work. But here fresh difficulties arose. Mr. Marsden's intention was to accompany them, and in person to meet the first dangers, and lay, as it were, the first stone. But this the new Governor absolutely forbade. To him, and, in fact, to most men in his circumstances, the whole scheme seemed utterly preposterous. The idea of converting the savages of New Zealand was the chimera of a pious enthusiast, a good and useful man in his way, but one who was not to be allowed idly to squander the lives of others, to say nothing of his own life.

Nor were the Governor's objections altogether without foundation. The latest news from New Zealand was that an English ship, the *Boyd*, had been seized and burned by the cannibals in the Bay of Islands, and every soul on board, seventy in all, killed and eaten. The report was true, except that, out of the whole of the ship's company, two women and a boy had been spared to live in slavery with the savages. A New Zealand chief had sailed on board, as it afterwards appeared, and had been treated with brutal indignities similar to those which Duaterra suffered from the captain of the *Santa Anna*. He smothered his resentment, and, waiting the return of the *Boyd* to the Bay of Islands, summoned his tribe, who, on various pretences, crowded the deck of the ship, and at a given signal rushed upon the crew, dispatched them with their clubs and hatchets, and then gorged themselves and their followers on the horrible repast.

All that Mr. Marsden could obtain at present was permission to charter a vessel if a captain could be found sufficiently courageous to risk his life and ship in such an enterprise, and to send out the three missionaries as pioneers; with a reluctant promise from the Governor that if, on the ship's return, all had turned out well, he should not be hindered from following. For some time no such adventurous captain could be found. At length, for the sum of £600 for a single voyage, an offer was made, but Mr. Marsden looked upon the sum as far too much; and this, with other considerations, induced him to purchase his own missionary brig, the *Active*, in which Messrs. Hall and Kendall finally set sail for the Bay of Islands. They carried a message to Duaterra, entreating him to receive them kindly, and inviting him, too, to return with them to Parramatta, bringing along with him two or three friendly chiefs.

Duaterra, after his visit to Mr. Marsden, on his way from England, had again suffered great hardships from the perfidy of the master of the *Frederick*, with whom he had embarked from New South Wales under an express engagement to be set on shore at the Bay of Islands, where his tribe dwelt. He was carried to Norfolk Island, and there left; and, to aggravate his wrongs and sorrows, the vessel passed within two miles of his own shores and in sight of his home. He was defrauded, also, of his share of the oil he had procured with his companions, worth £100. A whaler found him on Norfolk Island, almost naked and in the last stage of want, and brought him once more to Australia and to his friend and patron, Mr. Marsden. A short stay sufficed;

he sailed again from Sydney, and soon found himself, to his great joy, amongst his friends in New Zealand.

On the arrival of the *Active* with its missionaries—the first messengers of Christ who landed on its shores—he was there to greet them, and to repay a thousandfold the kindness of his friend the minister of Parramatta, in the welcome he secured for these defenceless strangers. They carried with them a present which, trifling as it may seem, was not without its share of influence in the great work; the story is suggestive, and may serve a higher purpose than merely to amuse the reader.

Duaterra had been provided by Mr. Marsden with a supply of wheat for sowing on his return to New Zealand. No such thing as a field of grain of any kind had yet waved its golden ears on that fertile soil. To this accomplished savage the honour belongs of first introducing agriculture into an island destined, within forty years, to rival the best farms of England both in the value of its crops and the variety of its produce. The neighbouring chiefs and their tribes viewed with wonder first the green ears and then the growing corn. The wild potato,* the fern, and a few other roots were the only produce of the earth they were yet acquainted with, and when Duaterra assured them that his field of wheat was to yield the flour out of which the bread and biscuits they had tasted on English ships were made, they tore up several plants, expecting to find something resembling their own potato at the root. That the ears themselves should furnish the materials for a loaf was not to be believed. Duaterra meant to impose upon them, or else he had been duped himself, but they were not to be cajoled with the tales of a traveller.

* The Kumara, commonly called the sweet potato (Ipomœa chrysorrhizo).

The field was reaped and the corn threshed out, when Duaterra was mortified with the discovery that he was not provided with a mill. He made several attempts to grind his corn with the help of a coffee-mill borrowed from a trading-ship, but without success; and now, like the inventor of steam navigation, and other benefactors of their species nearer home, he was laughed at for his simplicity. It is strange that the ancient Roman *quern*, a hollow stone in which the grain was pounded, the rudest form in fact of the pestle and mortar, should not have occurred to him; but the total want of invention is an invariable characteristic of savage nature.

At length the *Active* brought the important present of a hand-mill for grinding corn. Duaterra's friends assembled to watch the experiment, still incredulous of the promised result; but when the meal began to stream out beneath the machine their astonishment was unbounded; and when a cake was produced, hastily baked in a frying-pan, they shouted and danced for joy. Duaterra was now to be trusted when he told them that the missionaries were good men. And thus the first favourable impression was made upon the savage Maoris, whose race was in the next generation to become a civilized and Christian people.

Messrs. Hall and Kendall, having introduced themselves and their mission in New Zealand, now, in obedience to their instructions, returned to Sydney accompanied by Duaterra and six other chiefs, amongst whom was Duaterra's uncle, the famous Shunghie, or Hongi,* the most powerful of New Zealand chiefs; such was the

confidence which Mr. Marsden's name, together with the good conduct of the missionaries, had now inspired.

* Hongi was one of the most celebrated of the Maori chiefs.

The *Active* reached New South Wales on the 22nd of August, 1814. Nothing could exceed the joy which Mr. Marsden experienced on the successful termination of the voyage, and being filled with an earnest desire to promote the dissemination of the Gospel amongst the New Zealanders, and having obtained the Governor's permission, he determined to accompany the missionaries on their return to the Bay of Islands. To his friend, Mr. Avison Terry, he wrote just before he sailed, the 7th of October, 1814:—

It is my intention to visit New Zealand and see what can be done to promote the eternal welfare of the inhabitants of that island. I have now several of the chiefs living with me at Parramatta. They are as noble a race of men as are to be met with in any part of the world. I trust I shall be able, in some measure, to put a stop to those dreadful murders which have been committed upon the island for some years past, both by the Europeans and the natives. They are a much injured people, notwithstanding all that has been advanced against them. The time is now come, in my opinion, for them to be favoured with the everlasting Gospel; and I trust to hear the joyful sound in those dark and dreary regions of sin and spiritual bondage. I have long had the most ardent wish to visit these poor heathen, but have never till the present time obtained permission. I have submitted my views to the Church Missionary Society, and solicited their aid. The expense of establishing a mission here will at first be very considerable. Should the Society approve of my views, no doubt they will give their support, but if they cannot enter into them in the manner I do, I cannot expect that assistance from them which may be required. My own means will enable me to set the mission on foot in the first instance, and I have little doubt but it will succeed.

On the 19th of November, 1814, he embarked on his great mission, with a motley crew, such as, except perhaps on some other missionary ship, has seldom sailed in one small vessel—savages and Christian teachers and enterprising mechanics, their wives and children, cattle and horses. Of this strangely assorted company he gives the following description:—

The number of persons on board the *Active*, including women and children, was thirty-five; the master, his wife and son, Messrs. Kendall, Hall, and King, with their wives and children, eight New Zealanders, (including Duaterra and his uncle the great warrior Shunghie or Hongi), two Otaheitans, and four Europeans belonging to the vessel, besides Mr. John Lydiard Nicholas* and myself; there were also two sawyers, one smith, and a runaway convict whom we afterwards found on board, a horse and two mares, one bull and two cows, with a few sheep and poultry. The bull and cows have been presented by Governor Macquarie from his Majesty's herd.

On the 15th of December, they were in sight of land; the next day, the chiefs were sent on shore, and a friendly communication was at once opened with the natives. But even before they had landed "a canoe came alongside the *Active*, with plenty of

fish, and shortly afterwards a chief followed from the shore, who immediately came on board."

* John Liddiard Nicholas, an Australian landowner, who published his New Zealand experiences in "A Narrative of a Voyage to New Zealand, performed in the years 1814 and 1815, in company with the Rev. Samuel Marsden."

Landing of Samuel Marsden at Bay of Islands, Dec. 19th. 1814.

Mr. Marsden's fame, as the friend of the New Zealanders, had arrived before him: "I told them my name, with which they were all well acquainted…. We were now quite free from all fear, as the natives seemed desirous to show us attention by every possible means in their power."

The *Active* dropped her anchor a few days after at Whangaroa, near the Bay of Islands, the scene of the massacre of the *Boyd's* crew, and there amongst the very cannibals by whose hands their countrymen had fallen so recently the first Christian mission to New Zealand was opened. A fierce and unholy revenge had been taken, in the murder of Tippahee,* a native chief, and all his family, by an English crew who had visited Whangaroa after the *Boyd's* destruction, and Tippahee, as Mr. Marsden always maintained, suffered unjustly, having had no share in the dreadful massacre. * Te Pahi.

Mr. Marsden's journal of his first visit to New Zealand is a document of singular interest, and, when published at the time in England, it made a deep impression. It is written in plain and forcible language, and is characterised by that vein of good sense and practical wisdom which distinguished him. There is no display of his own sufferings, trials and privations, no affectation of laboured and studied expression, no highly coloured and partial representation of the savage condition of the natives. All his aim is to lay the truth before the Society and the friends of missions, and in doing so he has written with a degree of accuracy and honest feeling, which, while they inform the understanding, at once reach the heart. From this unpretending record, a few selections will be placed before the reader. And here, too, we would, once for all, acknowledge our obligations to his "companion in travel," Mr. J. L. Nicholas, to

whose manuscript journal of the visit to New Zealand, as well, indeed, as for other communications of great interest on the subject of Mr. Marsden's life and labours, we shall be much indebted through the future pages of our work.

Duaterra and Shunghie had often told of the bloody war, arising out of the affair of the *Boyd*, that was raging while they were at Parramatta, between the people of Whangaroa (the tribe of Tippahee) and the inhabitants of the Bay of Islands, who were their own friends and followers; the Whangaroans accusing the people of the Bay of Islands of having conspired with the English in the murder of Tippahee. When the *Active* arrived, several desperate battles had been fought, and the war was likely to continue.

Mr. Marsden was determined to establish peace amongst these contending tribes. He was known already as the friend of Duaterra and Shunghie; he now felt that he must convince the other party of his good intentions. He did not come amongst them as an ally of either, but as the friend of both; he resolved therefore to pass some time with the Whangaroans; and, with a degree of intrepidity truly astonishing even in him, not only ventured on shore, but actually passed the night, accompanied by his friend Mr. Nicholas alone, with the very savages who had killed and eaten his countrymen.

After a supper of fish and potatoes in the camp of Shunghie, they walked over to the hostile camp, distant about a mile. The Maoris received the two white strangers very cordially. “We sat down amongst them, and the chiefs surrounded us.” Mr. Marsden then introduced the subject of his embassy, explained the object of the missionaries in coming to live amongst them, and showed how much peace would conduce in every way to the welfare of all parties. A chief, to whom the Europeans gave the name of George, acted as interpreter; he had sailed on board an English ship, and spoke English well. Mr. Marsden tells us how the first night was passed:—

As the evening advanced the people began to retire to rest in different groups. About eleven o'clock Mr. Nicholas and I wrapped ourselves in our great coats, and prepared for rest. George directed me to lie by his side. His wife and child lay on the right hand, and Mr. Nicholas close by. The night was clear; the stars shone bright, and the sea in our front was smooth; around us were innumerable spears stuck upright in the ground, and groups of natives lying in all directions, like a flock of sheep upon the grass, as there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I viewed our present situation with sensations and feelings that I cannot express, surrounded by cannibals who had massacred and devoured our countrymen. I wondered much at the mysteries of providence, and how these things could be. Never did I behold the blessed advantage of civilization in a more grateful light than now. I did not sleep much during the night. My mind was too seriously occupied by the present scene, and the new and strange ideas it naturally excited. About three in the morning I rose and walked about the camp, surveying the different groups of natives. When the morning light returned we beheld men, women, and children, asleep in all directions like the beasts of the field. I had ordered the boat to come on shore for us at daylight; and soon after Duaterra arrived in the camp.

In the morning he gave an invitation to the chiefs to breakfast on board the *Active*, which they readily accepted:—

At first I entertained doubts whether the chiefs would trust themselves with us or not, on account of the *Boyd*, lest we should detain them when we had them in our power; but they showed no signs of fear, and went on board with apparent confidence. The axes, billhooks, prints, etc., I intended to give them were all got ready after breakfast; the chiefs were seated in the cabin in great form to receive the presents, I sat on the one side, and they on the other side of the table; Duaterra stood and handed me each article separately that I was to give them. Messrs. Kendall, Hall, and King, with the master of the *Active* and his son, were all one after the other introduced to the chiefs. The chiefs were at the same time informed what duty each of the three persons were appointed to do—Mr. Kendall to instruct their children, Mr. Hall to build houses, boats, etc., Mr. King to make fishing lines, and Mr. Hanson to command the *Active*, which would be employed in bringing axes and such things as were wanted from Sydney, to enable them to cultivate their lands and improve their country. When these ceremonies were over, I expressed my hope that they would have no more wars, but from that time would be reconciled to each other. Duaterra, Shunghie, and Koro Koro shook hands with the chiefs of Whangaroa, and saluted each other as a token of reconciliation by joining their noses together. I was much gratified to see these men at amity once more.

The chiefs now took their leave, much pleased with the attention of Mr. Marsden, and still more so with his presents; and they promised for the future to protect the missionaries and never to injure the European traders. Some of the presents excited no little wonder; no New Zealander, except the few who, like Duaterra, had been on foreign travel, had even seen either cows or horses, for the largest quadruped yet naturalized in the island was the pig, and even that had been introduced recently. Duaterra had often told his countrymen of the horse and its rider, and in return was always laughed at; but when the horses were now landed and Mr. Marsden actually mounted one of them, they stood in crowds and gazed in astonishment.

The first Sunday on which Divine Service was held in New Zealand was Christmas Day, the 25th of December, 1814, “a day much to be remembered.” Mr. Marsden thus describes it:

Duaterra passed the remaining part of the previous day in preparing for the Sabbath. He inclosed about half an acre of land with a fence, erected a pulpit and reading desk in the centre, and covered the whole either with black native cloth or some duck which he had brought with him from Port Jackson. He also procured some bottoms of old canoes, and fixed them up as seats on each side of the pulpit, for the Europeans to sit upon; intending to have Divine Service performed there the next day. These preparations he made of his own accord; and in the evening informed me that everything was ready for Divine Service. I was much pleased with this singular mark of his attention. The reading-desk was about three feet from the ground, and the pulpit about six feet. The black cloth covered the top of the pulpit, and hung over the sides; the bottom of the pulpit, as well as the reading-desk, was part of a canoe. The whole was becoming, and had a solemn appearance. He had also erected a flagstaff on the highest hill in the village, which had a very commanding view.

On Sunday morning, when I was upon deck, I saw the English flag flying, which was a pleasing sight in New Zealand. I considered it as the signal and the dawn of civilization, liberty and religion, in that dark and benighted land. I never viewed the

British colours with more gratification; and flattered myself they would never be removed, till the natives of that island enjoyed all the happiness of British subjects.

About ten o'clock we prepared to go ashore, to publish for the first time the glad tidings of the Gospel. I was under no apprehension for the safety of the vessel; and, therefore, ordered all on board to go on shore to attend Divine Service, except the master and one man. When we landed, we found Koro Koro, Duaterra, and Shunghie, dressed in regimentals, which Governor Macquarie had given them, with their men drawn up, ready to be marched into the inclosure to attend Divine Service. They had their swords by their sides, and switches in their hands. We entered the inclosure, and were placed on the seats on each side of the pulpit. Koro Koro marched his men, and placed them on my right hand, in the rear of the Europeans: and Duaterra placed his men on the left. The inhabitants of the town, with the women and children, and a number of other chiefs, formed a circle round the whole. A very solemn silence prevailed—the sight was truly impressive. I rose up and began the service with singing the "Old Hundredth" Psalm; and felt my very soul melt within me when I viewed my congregation, and considered the state they were in. After reading the service, during which the natives stood up and sat down at the signals given by Koro Koro's switch, which was regulated by the movement of the Europeans, it being Christmas Day, I preached from the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel and tenth verse, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy," etc. The natives told Duaterra that they could not understand what I meant. He replied, that they were not to mind that now, for they would understand by-and-by; and that he would explain my meaning as far as he could. When I had done preaching, he informed them what I had been talking about. Duaterra was very much pleased that he had been able to make all the necessary preparations for the performance of Divine worship in so short a time, and we felt much obliged to him for his attention. He was extremely anxious to convince us that he would do everything in his power, and that the good of his country was his principal consideration. In this manner, the Gospel has been introduced into New Zealand; and I fervently pray that the glory of it may never depart from its inhabitants till time shall be no more.

The confidence of the natives in Mr. Marsden was now unbounded, and scarcely less was the confidence he reposed in them; and he resolved upon a short coasting voyage with the view of exploring their different harbours, and making arrangements for the future extension of the missions. Many of the chiefs and warriors, led by Duaterra, wished to sail with him, and without the slightest misgiving twenty-eight savages, fully armed after the fashion of their country, were invited on board the *Active*, manned as she was by only seven Europeans. "I do not believe," Mr. Nicholas observes, "that a similar instance can be shown of such unlimited confidence placed in a race of savages known to be cannibals. We are wholly in their power, and what is there to hinder them from abusing it? Next to the overruling providence of God, there is nothing but the character of the ship, which seems to have something almost sacred in their eyes, and the influence of Mr. Marsden's name, which acts as a talisman amongst them. They feel convinced that he is sacrificing his own ease and comfort to promote their welfare."

Their leave of absence having nearly expired, Mr. Marsden and his companions were now obliged to prepare for their voyage homeward. They had laid the foundations of a great work—how great, none of them could tell. But they were full of faith in God,

while, as patriots, they exulted in the prospect of extending the renown of dear old England.

Mr. Marsden, in his conversations with the natives, explained to them the nature of our government, and the form of trial by jury; he discoursed with them upon the evils of polygamy, and showed his marked abhorrence of their darling vices, theft and lying. A chisel being lost from the *Active*, a boat was sent on shore, manned by Duaterra and other chiefs, to demand restitution; the culprit was not found, nor the implement restored; but a whole village was aroused from its slumbers at midnight, and the inhabitants literally trembled with fear of the consequences when they saw the angry chiefs, though no harm was permitted to ensue.

An example of high integrity was always set. Mr. Marsden might, for instance, have obtained land, or timber, or, in short, whatever he required in exchange for ammunition and muskets; but he sternly interdicted the sale or barter of these articles upon any terms whatever, and to this resolution he always adhered. Again and again does he express his determination, as well in this its earliest stage as in later periods of the mission, rather to abandon the whole work, which was far dearer to him than life itself, than to suffer it to be tainted by what he considered so nefarious a barter. "I further told them," he says, "that the smith should make axes or hoes, or any other tools they wanted; but that he was on no account to repair any pistols or muskets, or make any warlike instruments, no not even for the greatest chiefs upon the island." And he "took an opportunity upon all occasions to impress upon their minds the horrors their cannibalism excited; how much their nation was disgraced by it, and dreaded on this account."

One thing still remained to be done. The missionaries possessed no land, and were liable, after his departure, to be removed or driven out at the mere caprice of the tribes amongst whom they settled. He therefore determined, if possible, to purchase for them a small estate. It consisted of about two hundred acres; and the first plot of ground to which England can lay claim in New Zealand was formally made over in a deed, of which Mr. Nicholas has fortunately preserved a transcript. It was executed in the presence of a number of chiefs, who were assembled to take leave of the *Active* on the day before she sailed, and ran as follows:—

Know all men to whom these presents shall come, that I, Anodee O Gunna, king of Rangheehoo, in the island of New Zealand, have in consideration of twelve axes to me in hand now paid and delivered by the Reverend Samuel Marsden of Parramatta, in the territory of New South Wales, given, granted, bargained, and sold; and by this present instrument do give, grant, bargain, and sell unto the committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, instituted in London, in the kingdom of Great Britain, and to their heirs and successors, all that piece and parcel of land situate in the district of Hoshee, in the island of New Zealand, bounded on the south side by the bay of Lippouna and the town of Rangheehoo, on the north side by a creek of fresh water, and on the west by a public road into the interior, together with all the rights, members, privileges, and appurtenances thereto belonging; to have and to hold to the aforesaid committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, instituted in London, in the kingdom of Great Britain, their heirs, successors, and assigns, for ever, clear and freed from all taxes, charges, impositions, and contributions whatsoever, as and for their own absolute and proper estate for ever.

In testimony whereof I have to these presents, thus done and given, set my hand at Hoshee, in the island of New Zealand, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of Christ, one thousand eight hundred and fifteen.

(Signatures to the grant.)

Thomas Kendall.

J. L. Nicholas.

To this was affixed a complete drawing of the "amoco,"* or tattooing of Gunna's face, done by Shunghie, on one side of which he set his mark.

* moko.

We need scarcely remind the reader how closely this transaction resembles the famous contract of William Penn with the native Indians, by which he became possessed of Pennsylvania. Much and justly as Penn has been admired, Mr. Marsden's conduct is even more worthy of respect. Penn sought to found a colony, to place himself at its head, and to associate his own name with it through generations to come. The chaplain of Parramatta had not even these motives of honest and laudable ambition; he sought nothing for himself, nothing for his country, nothing even for the Church of which he was a member, and which he warmly loved. His one aim was to evangelize New Zealand; to bring a nation of cannibals from darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel, and from the power of Satan unto God.

His own name appears on the instrument only as the agent or representative of a Missionary Society in whom the property was vested; and yet at the time the purchase was made he was uncertain whether the bare expenses of his voyage, or even the cost and charges of his vessel, would ever be repaid to him. He sought neither wealth, nor honour, nor preferment, but acted with a simple aim to the glory of God. The memorial of such a name can never perish amongst men; and should it be forgotten, still his record is on high.

Mr. Marsden returned from his first voyage to New Zealand accompanied by no fewer than ten chiefs, and landed at Sydney on the 23rd of March, 1815. He and Mr. Nicholas immediately presented themselves to the Governor, who "congratulated them on their safe return," from what, in common with all the colony, he regarded as a most perilous and rash adventure.

Chapter VI.

It was not to be expected that a career of unbroken success and easy triumph should crown the infant mission in New Zealand. Reverses and delays were to be looked for; they were in the nature of the work itself; and for such trials Mr. Marsden was prepared. But he had scarcely arrived at Parramatta before he was involved in sharper conflicts.

The first discouragement was the death of Duaterra. Mr. Marsden had left him sick; and four days after Mr. Marsden's departure he expired, surrounded by his heathen countrymen, from whose superstitions, even to the last, he was by no means free. "He appeared at this awful moment," Mr. Marsden writes, describing his last interview, "not to know what to do. He wished me to pray with him, which I did; but the superstitions of his country had evidently a strong hold upon his mind; the priest was always with him, night and day. Duaterra seemed at a loss where to repose his afflicted mind; his views of the Gospel were not sufficiently clear to remove his superstitions; and at the same time he was happy to hear what I had to say to him. What horrors do these poor people suffer when they come to die!"

His favourite wife, Dahoo,* was inconsolable; and while Shunghie and his near relatives cut themselves with knives till the blood gushed out, she sought and found an opportunity to put a period to her own life by hanging herself, at a short distance from the body of her husband. None of the natives, not even her relatives, appeared shocked or surprised. "Her mother," Mr. Kendall wrote, "wept while composing the limbs of her daughter, but applauded her resolution and the sacrifice which she had made for the man she so tenderly loved. Her father observed her corpse without any apparent concern. I could not discover a tear at the time it was brought before him. Two of her brothers smiled on the occasion, and said, 'it was a good thing at New Zealand.' It is common for women to act thus when their husbands die; they think that they then go to them."

* Probably Tahu.

Mr. Marsden, for a time, was almost overwhelmed:

I could not but view Duaterra, as he lay dying, with wonder and astonishment; and could scarcely bring myself to believe that the Divine Goodness would remove from the earth a man whose life appeared of such infinite importance to his country, which was just emerging from barbarism and superstition. No doubt but he had done his work and finished his appointed course, though I fondly imagined he had only just begun his race. He was in the prime and vigour of manhood: I judge his age to be about twenty-eight years. In reflecting on this awful and mysterious event, I am led to exclaim, with the Apostle of the Gentiles, "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

He was indeed a noble specimen of human nature in its savage state. His character was cast in the mould of heroes. At the very time of his death, after ten years of as much privation, danger, and hardship as Nature could well bear, his courage was unsubdued, and his patriotism and enterprise unabated. He told Mr. Marsden with an air of triumph: "I have now introduced the cultivation of wheat into New Zealand; New Zealand will become a great country; in two years more I shall be able to export wheat to Port Jackson, in exchange for hoes, axes, spades, tea and sugar." He had made arrangements for farming on a large scale, and had formed his plan for building a new town, with regular streets, after the European mode, on a beautiful situation which commanded a view of the harbour and the adjacent country. "I accompanied him to the spot," says Mr. Marsden; "we examined the ground fixed on for the town, and the situation where the church was to stand."

Other trials followed the death of Duaterra. Fresh wars broke out. One hostile tribe encamped in sight of the mission premises, and, no longer restrained by Mr. Marsden's presence, threatened, not indeed to expel the missionaries, but to kill and eat them. For months the affrighted band kept watch night and day; their children were placed to sleep in their cots dressed, to be ready for instant flight, and the boat was always kept afloat, with its oars and sail in readiness. The storm blew over, and they remained steadfast at their posts. Soon afterwards, the Wesleyan Methodists established their important and successful mission in the island, and the missionaries gained strength from one another in society and mutual counsel. The first Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. Samuel Leigh, was well known at Parramatta, and Mr. Marsden viewed his labours with thankfulness and hope; but the reports which reached him from time to time of the difficulties to which the missions were exposed still added much to his anxieties.

And now a series of persecutions began, which, while they never cowed his brave spirit, harassed and disturbed him more than those who were acquainted only with the outward features of his strong, dauntless character readily would have believed. It is greatly to his honour that all the sufferings to which he was exposed—newspaper libels, official misrepresentations, and personal abuse—arose immediately out of his endeavours to raise the morals of the colony, and to protect the unhappy women who came out as convicts, and were at that time exposed by most iniquitous neglect to still further degradation.

Just before his departure for New Zealand, he had addressed an official letter to the Governor, calling attention to the present state of Parramatta and its neighbourhood, as far as it related to its public morals and police, and especially with regard to the female convicts, of whom upwards of 150, besides 70 children, were employed in a Government factory there, and whose condition, as far as we can venture to describe it, may be gathered from the following passage. The scene is painful; it is the dark side of our colonial history; but those who will not listen to these recitals can know but little of the obligations which society is under to such men as Howard and Samuel Marsden, or to heroic women, such as Mrs. Fry. In his letter to the Governor he says:—

The number of women employed at the factory is one hundred and fifty; they have seventy children. There is not any room in the factory that can be called a bedroom for these women and children. There are only two rooms, and these are both occupied as workshops; they are over the gaol, and are about eighty feet long and twenty wide. In these rooms there are forty-six women daily employed, twenty spinning wool upon the common wheel, and twenty-six carding. There are also in them the warping-machine, etc., belonging to the factory. These rooms are crowded all the day, and at night such women sleep in them as are confined for recent offences, amongst the wheels, wool, and cards, and a few others, who have no means whatever of procuring a better abode. The average number of women who sleep in the factory is about thirty in the whole. Many of these women have little, and some no, bedding; they all sleep on the floor. There is not a candle or bedstead belonging to the factory. I do not deem it either safe or prudent that even thirty women should sleep in the factory, which has been crowded all day with working people; the air must be bad and contagious. Were the Magistrate to compel even half the number of women, with their children, to sleep in the factory which belong to it, they could not

exist. Not less than one hundred and twenty women are at large in the night to sleep where they can.

He urges upon the Governor the necessity for at least providing lodging in barracks for these poor creatures.

"When I am called," he adds, "in the hour of sickness and want to visit them in the general hospital, or in the wretched hovels where they lodge, my mind is often oppressed beyond measure at the sight of their sufferings…. And if their dreary prospect beyond the grave be viewed in a religious light it far exceeds in horror the utmost bounds of human imagination. As their minister I must answer ere long at the bar of Divine justice for my duty to these objects of vice and woe, and often feel inexpressible anguish of spirit, in the moment of their approaching dissolution, on my own and their account, and follow them to the grave with awful forebodings lest I should be found at last to have neglected any part of my public duty as their minister and Magistrate, and by so doing contributed to their eternal ruin.

"So powerful are these reflections at times that I envy the situation of the most menial servant who is freed from this sacred and solemn responsibility, namely, the care of immortal souls…. I am of opinion that no clergyman was ever placed in so painful and trying a situation as far as relates to the moral and religious state of the people committed to his care. I see them devoted to vice, and infamy, and extreme wretchedness while living, and when they come to die suffering all the horror of mind and anguish of spirit that guilt can possibly inspire, without the means of applying any remedy in either case…. I humbly conceive it is incompatible with the character and wish of the British nation that her own exiles should be exposed to such privations and dangerous temptations, when she is daily feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, and receiving into her friendly, I may add pious, bosom strangers whether savage or civilized of every nation under heaven."

The Governor courteously replied, acknowledging the receipt of his letter; but no further steps were taken; and after waiting eighteen months "without the most distant prospect of obtaining relief for the female convicts from the colonial Government," he sent a copy of his own letter, with the Governor's answer, to the British Government at Home. By them it was submitted to a Select Committee of the House of Commons, when, in 1819, the state of the gaols came under the consideration of Parliament, and was afterwards printed in their report, Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, having previously submitted it to Governor Macquarie, requesting his opinion on the several matters it contained.

Great exasperation followed; it seemed for a time as if the whole colony, with scarcely an exception, had risen as one man to crush the principal chaplain, who alone had dared to expose its profligacy and to check its abuses. The storm indeed had begun to mutter around his head before Lord Bathurst's communication was received. The *Sydney Gazette*, which was under the immediate control of the Governor, was allowed to publish from week to week the most scandalous libels upon his character.

At length, a letter appeared signed "Philo-free," which Mr. Marsden suspected, and at length discovered, to have been written by the Governor's secretary. It was aimed

not merely against himself—this he could have borne in silence—but against the conduct and the moral character of the missionaries in the South Sea Islands, whose reputation he felt it his duty at every hazard to protect. He, therefore, appealed to the laws for shelter and redress, and two successive verdicts justified the course he took.

There were at the time many even of his warm friends in England, who were almost disposed to blame him for a too sensitive and litigious spirit. But when the whole case lay before them, the wisest and the mildest men absolved him from the charge, and heartily approved his conduct. In the place of any comments of our own we will lay before the reader, in his own words, some of Mr. Marsden's views upon the subject. They will see the principles by which he was actuated, and they will learn with amazement how great were the difficulties with which the friends of missions had to contend from their own countrymen. The first letter is addressed to the Rev. George Burder, and was read, as appears from the endorsement it bears, before the Committee of the London Missionary Society, on the 10th of July, 1818, having been received on the 25th of June:—

Mr. Marsden's Church at Parramatta.

Parramatta, December 9, 1817.

Rev. Sir,—I wrote to you very fully by Mr. Hassall, and informed you what state I was in at that time. Since that period I have had many hard struggles to maintain my ground. A very shameful attack was made upon me and the missionaries in the South Sea Islands by the Governor's secretary, in an anonymous letter which he published in the *Sydney Gazette*, and of which you are already informed. Since my last I have brought the secretary to the criminal bar for the libel. Every means were used to pervert judgment that the cunning and art of certain persons could exert. After three days' contest, I obtained a verdict against the secretary. This was a matter of much joy to all who loved the cause of religion, and also to the colony in general. The trouble, anxiety, and expense of the trial were very great, as I had only truth on my side. When I had got a verdict, I hoped to enjoy a little quiet, but the next *Gazette* in

the report made of the trial, being so false and scandalous, and casting such reflections on me and my friends, I was compelled to appeal to Cæsar once more; and last Tuesday the cause was heard before the Supreme Court, when I obtained a verdict again. The Supreme Judge, Justice Field, is a very upright man, and acted with great independence in the cause. A verdict was given in my favour to the amount of £200, with costs. The expense to the secretary will not be much less than £500. None can tell what I have suffered in my mind for the last five years, on account of the missions, from the opposition of those in power.

I must request the Society to use their interest with the British Government to check those in authority here from exposing the missionaries, and those connected with them, to the contempt of the whole world by such scandalous anonymous publications as that of which I complain. I have been very anxious to leave the colony altogether, from the continual anxiety I have suffered, and the opposition thrown in the way of every measure I have wished to promote, for the advancement of the Kingdom of Christ among the heathen.

The letter continues:—

I am very happy to inform you that all goes on well at the Islands, notwithstanding the contests here. I have forwarded to you, by this conveyance, all the letters; from them you will learn the affairs of the missionaries: I hope all the brethren have joined them. Four thousand of the natives can now read. I send you one of Pomare's letters to me. Mr. John Eyre has translated it. You will see what the views of the king are. He is now writing a dictionary of his own language, and one of the chiefs is employed at the press. I am very sorry they did not meet the king's wishes with regard to the printing press, and set it up at Tahiti, where he lives; taking it away from him was unwise…. The main work is done now, as far as respects the planting of the gospel. Their native idols are burned in the fire, and many have "tasted that the Lord is gracious" amongst the inhabitants. They sing, and read, and pray, and teach one another, so that there can be no fear that religion will be lost in the Islands again. The work has evidently been of God, and He will carry it on for His own glory. They will now also have their vessel, by which means they can visit the different islands and Port Jackson. I should wish much to see them turning their attention to agriculture, etc., so as to induce habits of industry among the natives, so that the natives of the Society Islands may rank with civilized nations. I rely with confidence on the Society for their support and protection. Unless his Majesty's Ministers will interfere, I may expect similar attacks from the same quarter. If this should be the case, it cannot be expected I should remain in the colony to be ruined in my character, circumstances, and peace of mind. The last seven years have been very dreadful. A solitary individual cannot withstand the influence of those in power, armed with such a deadly weapon as the public papers, and every other means of annoyance at their command. I have written on the subject to Lord Bathurst….

I remain, rev. Sir, yours affectionately,

Samuel Marsden.

To Rev. George Burder.

In the same strain he writes to his friend. Dr. Mason Good, inclosing the letter of "Philo-free," and other documents. Amongst other threats, representations to the Archbishop and the Bishop of London had been muttered in the colony, with a view, no doubt, of inducing them to withdraw him from his post. "Should you learn," he says, "that any representations are made to the Bishops, and you should deem it necessary, I will thank you to send them the documents I have transmitted, or any part of them, for their information. I should also wish Mr. Wilberforce to be acquainted with them, if you will at any time take the trouble to lay them before him."

Then turning to brighter objects, he has the following remarkable passage:—

With regard to New Zealand, I must refer you to the Rev. Josiah Pratt, (secretary to the Church Missionary Society). Great difficulties have opposed the establishment upon that island; but I hope they will all be overcome in time. We have sent two young men to England, as we think this will greatly tend to enlarge their ideas, and prepare them for greater usefulness in their own country. I have no doubt but that New Zealand will soon become a civilized nation. If I were inclined to become a prophet I should say, that all the islands in the South Seas will afford an asylum for thousands of Europeans hereafter, and New South Wales will give laws to, and regulate, all their Governments in the course of time. The Gospel, humanly speaking, could not be planted in the South Sea Islands, unless our Government had established a colony in New South Wales. The British Government had no view of this kind when they first formed the colony. How mysterious are all the ways of Divine Providence! Yet may the Divine footsteps be traced, if we mark attentively what is passing in the world. God, the Governor of this World, orders all things according to His infinite mind, and all things well.

He soon had reason to adopt a happier strain. The trial was severe, the more so, perhaps, from the ardour of his own temperament, which, no doubt, required the chastisement, which became in the highest sense a blessing both to himself and others. Writing to the same friend on the 3rd of October, 1818, he says:—

When I take a retrospect of all that has passed in this colony since my return, I see, with wonder and gratitude, the Divine goodness overruling the wills and affections of sinful men, and making all things unite in promoting his glory. "Philo-free" will not be without its benefit to the great cause. Had this libel never appeared, the character, constitution and object of the Church and London Missionary Societies would not have been known in this settlement for many years to come; nor would they have gained the friends which they will eventually do here.

Letters of congratulation flowed in rapidly, both on account of his missionary exploits in New Zealand, and of his personal triumph in New South Wales. In addition to gratifying testimonies from Home, Mr. Marsden received a public mark of approbation from the officers of the 46th Regiment, then stationed in the colony, who, with a high and chivalrous sense of what was due to one who single handed had so long maintained the cause of truth and righteousness, stepped forward to offer their tribute of respect.

A vote of thanks, in the most cordial terms, was also presented to him at the anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society, at the Freemasons' Tavern, in 1819. It would have been presented to the annual meeting of the previous year, but it was a mark of respect which had never yet been paid to any individual by the Society. "The circumstances, however, which have lately transpired," writes his friend, Dr. Mason Good, who was a member of the committee, "the severe and important battle you have fought, and the triumph you have so gloriously achieved, have induced the Society to step out of their usual routine on this occasion, and to show, not only to yourself, but to the world at large, the full sense they entertain of the honourable and upright part you have taken, and their unanimous determination to give you all their support. I agree with you most fully that your contest has not been a personal one, but that the important objects of the Society have been at stake, and that the victory you have obtained is of more importance to the cause of virtue, honour, and true religion, and more especially to the cause of Christian missions in Australasia, than to yourself."

We shall conclude our notice of these painful conflicts with two letters, the one from Lord Gambier, the other from the venerable Simeon. The former breathes the warm heart of a sailor and the mature wisdom of an experienced Christian. And thus while British soldiers were ready to acknowledge the integrity of Mr. Marsden, the Navy, as represented by one of her great heroes, stood forward likewise in his behalf:—

Dear Sir,—I was happy to hear of your health and welfare by your letters to me of the 22nd January and the 5th March, 1817, which came to my hands in due time, though they were rather longer, I believe, in their passage than is usual. I deeply lament with you that your very zealous and arduous exertions to extend the kingdom of our gracious Lord, and to diffuse the knowledge of the glorious Gospel of salvation among the inhabitants of the dark regions around you, should meet with the spirit of opposition from the persons in the colony whom you naturally would look to for support and assistance. And very grievous indeed it is that you should stand almost alone and single in a work of charity that exceeds the praises of human language to express its excellence and blessed effects upon the race of mankind.

Mr. Pratt will have informed you that a special meeting of the committee of the Church Missionary Society was held last month for the sole purpose of deliberating upon the communication you have made to him of the state of the affairs of the Society, and the disgraceful letter that appeared in the *Sydney Gazette*, signed "Philo-free." The result of the committee's consultation was that your letters on this subject should be referred to the consideration of the vice-presidents of the Society, requesting them to take such measures as they deemed most advisable to relieve you from the distressing and painful situation in which you were placed. I had the satisfaction of being present at the meeting of the vice-presidents; the Bishop of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce were of the number. Mr. Pratt was also present, and as he will communicate to you the judgment that we passed upon the occasion it is unnecessary for me to add anything thereto; but I cannot forbear to express to you the admiration I entertain of your conduct, your zeal, perseverance, and unremitted exertions in the blessed and glorious cause in which you are engaged.

May our gracious Lord be your shield; may His powerful arm protect you against all your adversaries, and enable you to overcome them all with the weapons of a

Christian warfare, meekness, patience, faith, and charity; and may He lay them all at your feet! May His Grace be sufficient for you, and give you strength to go on as you have done in His service, to the glory of His name and to the salvation of the heathen nations around! You have achieved great things in New Zealand. May the seed you have sown there be like the grain of mustard, and grow to a large tree; and may you finally receive the bright reward of your labours, and have that blessing pronounced upon you, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." There is a fine field for missionary labours in New Zealand, and I anticipate the happiest consequences to the race of men in that country from the establishment you have made among them, and I think it very probable that they will make more rapid progress in the knowledge and practice of Christianity and civilization than any heathen nation to whom the Gospel has been preached. May you live to see this verified!

With cordial and earnest wishes for your health and prosperity, I remain, dear Sir, with sincere regard,

Your faithful and humble friend and servant, * Gambier.

* Lord James Gambier, Admiral of the Fleet. His notions of religion and morality were stricter than those of most naval officers of his time. When he was commissioned to the *Defence* in 1793 the vessel was spoken of as "the praying ship," and it was questioned whether it was possible for her to be a "fighting ship" as well. She demonstrated the possibility in her first engagement with the French, in which she behaved admirably. Lord Gambier was appointed Governor of Newfoundland in 1802, but returned to the Navy. He died on the 19th of April, 1833.

Mr. Simeon, from Cambridge, wrote to him in the same strain of encouragement:— "Last summer I was at Hull, and saw Mr. Scott and other of your friends and relatives. It was a joy to me to see how ardent was their love towards you. I commissioned Mrs. Scott to tell you, in general terms, that your character and cause were duly appreciated by the Government and by the House of Commons. I take for granted that Mr. Wilberforce has given you particulars. It was from him that I was enabled to declare the general result."

Mr. Marsden had taken up the cause of the degraded female prisoners in New South Wales. Mrs. Fry in England hears of his benevolent exertions, and hastens to express her joy; and thus she writes to the prison-philanthropist of the Southern World:—

Mildred's Court, second month, 11th, 1820.

Respected Friend,—I have received thy letters, one sent by Deputy-commissary-general Allan, and the other written some time before, but only arrived within a day or two of each other. I am sorry that I happened to be out when Deputy-commissary-general Allan called, but I hope soon to see him, and to consult with him as to the steps best to be taken to improve the condition of the female convicts in New South Wales. Much influence has already been used here, and the subject has been brought before the House of Commons. I some time ago obtained a copy of thy letter to the Governor of New South Wales, and the information contained in it has been much spread in this country, and it is quite my opinion that some beneficial alterations will

in time take place; but the present Parliament being so soon to be dissolved, owing to the death of the King, I fear will retard their progress; but much is doing in this country, and I trust that much is likely to be done. Many of us are deeply interested in the welfare of the poor convicts as to their situation here, and their voyage, and when they arrive in Botany Bay. And if life and ability be granted us, I trust that much will in time be accomplished; but all these things require patience and perseverance, which I hope we shall be endowed with, both here and on your side of the water. I am sorry thou hast had so many trials and discouragements in filling thy very important station, and I cannot help hoping and believing that thy labours will prove not to be in vain; and even if thou shouldst not fully see the fruits of thy labours, others, I trust, will reap the advantage of them, so that the words of Scripture may be verified, "That both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." I consider myself greatly obliged by thy valuable communications, and I think it would be very desirable that thou shouldst let us know exactly what sort of place is wanted for the women, and what would be its probable expense, as it would enable us more clearly to state what we wish for. And I should think our Government would give the necessary directions to have the work done.—I remain, etc., thy friend,

Elizabeth Fry.*

* The distinguished philanthropist and member of the Society of Friends, who was then carrying on her work of reforming the female prisoners in Newgate. She died on the 12th of October, 1845.

Chapter VII.

The New Zealand mission still continued to occupy Mr. Marsden's thoughts. He seems to have been always alert, turning every hint to account, seizing every occasion, and employing every likely instrument to promote the grand design. The excellent quality of the New Zealand flax* had not escaped him. He induced two young New Zealanders, whom he had brought with him to Parramatta, to visit England, which they did in H.M.S. *Kangaroo*, and were placed under the care of his friends in London. "I wish on no account," he writes to Mr. Pratt, "that they should be idle; if they cannot be useful in forming a vocabulary, let them be *put into a rope walk*, and be kept close to labour while they remain in England."

* Phormium tenax.

They were both chiefs, Tooi† and Teterree,‡ still the reader must not suppose the rope walk was to them a degrading employment. Mr. Marsden had another object in view besides their improvement, and he wished to impart to his friends in London something of his own enthusiasm in behalf of the Maori race. "The Society will see," he says in his letter to the secretary, Mr. Pratt, "from these two young men what the natives of New Zealand are. They are prepared to receive any instruction that we can give them; they are fine young men, and in temper and natural parts very like their countrymen in general." They seem to have deserved the character here given them. We insert a letter from each, written while they were in England. The first is addressed to Mr. Pratt while Tooi was on a visit amongst the manufactories of Staffordshire and Shropshire.

† Tui.

‡ Probably Tetiri.

Madeley, Sept. 17, 1818.

Dear Sir—I am much obliged and thank you, Mr. Pratt, for the letter you sent me. I so pleased when Mr. Pratt finds a ship. I want a ship to go home. I have been to Coalport. I made four cups. Mr. Rose tell me, “You soon learn.” “Yes,” I say, “very soon learn with fingers, but book very hard,” etc.

To Mr. Pratt.

Thomas Tooi.

The other letter is in a graver strain, and is from Teterree to Mr. Marsden:—

Church Missionary House, October 12, 1818.

My Dear Friend,—I like Englishman much; he love New Zealand man. I very sick in missionary house, and very near die; nothing but bone. Kind friend missionary pray for me every night.

I kneel down in my bedroom every night, and pray to Jesus Christ our Saviour to learn me to read the book.

Very nice country England. I never see the King of England; he very poorly, and Queen Charlotte very poorly too.

I see the iron make, and bottle blow. Tooi blow a bottle, and I blow a bottle. I make four cups at China work, etc. Farewell, good friend.

Teterree.

The Mission Station at Kekikeri, Bay of Islands.

Their English education being completed, the young chiefs returned to Parramatta, and Mr. Marsden embarked a second time for New Zealand, taking Tooi and Teterree with him, with several missionaries, three mechanics and their families. They landed at Rangheehoa,* in the Bay of Islands, on the 12th of August. The rival chiefs Shunghie and Koro-Koro now contended for the site of the new missionary settlement which Mr. Marsden contemplated, each being anxious that his own domain should be preferred, and offering a grant of land.

* Rangihoua.

The spot was selected at Kiddee Kiddee (or Keri-Keri), a district in the territory of Shunghie, at the head of a fine harbour; but such was the distress of the disappointed chief, whose part was taken by young Tooi, that Mr. Marsden almost relented: "He made strong appeals to our feelings, and urged his request by every argument that he could advance, so that we were obliged to promise to accompany him on the next day to Parroa,† † and that we would build him and Tooi a house if the situation pleased us, and send one or two Europeans to reside amongst them."

† Paroa.

The stores were landed, and all the beach exhibited a scene of happiness and busy civilization, fourteen natives sawing timber, others cutting trees, etc.: "A sight more grateful to a benevolent mind could not possibly have been seen; our hearts overflowed with gratitude. We viewed the various operations with delight, and considered them the dawn of civil and religious liberty to this land of darkness, superstition, and cruelty." Simply for the good of others, without the hope or wish of reaping any other advantage than that of extending the kingdom of God amongst a savage race, the little missionary band, self exiled, and consecrated to a life of unknown toil and hardship, exult in laying the foundations of their settlement, as the Jews of old exulted when they began to build their temple to the living God. On the next Sabbath Day, the work was consecrated with prayer and praise. Mr. Marsden's simple language best describes the scene:—

August 22.—We assembled on the beach for public worship, as there was no place sufficiently spacious to hold the people. We were surrounded with natives and a number of chiefs from different districts.

It was gratifying to be able to perform worship to the true God in the open air, without fear or danger, when surrounded by cannibals with their spears stuck in the ground, and their pattoo-pattoos and daggers concealed under their mats. We could not doubt but that the time was at hand for gathering in this noble people into the fold of Christ. Their misery is extreme, the prince of darkness has full dominion over their souls and bodies; under the influence of ignorance and superstition many devote themselves to death, and the chiefs sacrifice their slaves as a satisfaction for the death of any of their friends. This is a tyranny from which nothing but the Gospel can set them free.

During this three months' sojourn, besides the attention which Mr. Marsden gave to the missions in the Bay of Islands, he made a circuitous journey of 700 miles, exploring the country with a view to more extensive operations. His arrival overland, and in health, at the Bay of Islands, on his return, relieved the minds of his anxious friends the missionaries, and "gave them additional cause," they say, "to bless and thank God for His protecting care, and that He had again heard and answered our supplications." "There is not one in ten thousand, I think," writes Mr. Hall, "who could or would have borne the privations, difficulties, and dangers, which he has undergone. I pray that he may reap the fruits of his labour by the New Zealanders turning from their degraded state to serve the only living and true God."

Mr. Marsden's journal of this second visit will be valuable in time to come, as perhaps the best record in existence of the character and habits of a wonderful people, on whom civilization had not yet dawned, and whose spiritual darkness was profound. He landed, during a coasting voyage with young Tooi, on the small island of Motooroa.[*] "The first object that struck my eye was a man's head stuck on a pole near the hut where we were to sleep; the face appeared beautifully tattooed; it was the head of a chief who was killed by Shunghie's people. The sight naturally excited feelings of horror in my breast." Most men would have felt something of alarm. But Mr. Marsden seems to have been a perfect stranger to fear; and if courage, whether physical or moral, makes a hero, he must be ranked high in the heroic class. He merely adds: "This caused me to value more and more the blessing of Divine revelation, and the blessing of civil government."

[*] Moturoa.

In his journal on a tour to the River Shukeangha,[†] he writes thus:—

September 28th, 1819.—After we had passed the swamp, we came into a very open country, for many miles round covered with fern. The part through which we walked was gravelly, and not very good in general.

The wind increased toward evening, and blew strong from the rainy quarter, so that we had the prospect of a very wet night, without a single tree to shelter us from the storm for about eight miles from the swamp we had passed. At this distance was a wood, through which our road lay, which we were anxious to reach, if possible, in

order to shelter ourselves from the wind and rain. With this hope we pushed forward, and arrived at the edge of the wood about nine o'clock. The rain now began to fall heavily. The natives cut branches of fern and boughs of trees, and made us a little shed under the trees, to afford us some shelter. The blackness of the heavens, the gloomy darkness of the wood, the roaring of the wind among the trees, the sound of the falling rain on the thick foliage, united with the idea that we were literally at the ends of the earth, with relation to our native land, surrounded with cannibals whom we knew to have fed on human flesh, and wholly in their power, and yet our minds free from fear of danger—all this excited in my breast such new, pleasing, and, at the same time, opposite sensations, as I cannot describe.

† Hokianga Harbour.

While I sat musing under the shelter of a lofty pine, my thoughts were lost in wonder and surprise, in taking a view of the wisdom and goodness of God's providential care, which had attended all my steps to that very hour. If busy imagination inquired what I did there, I had no answer to seek in wild conjecture: I felt with gratitude that I had not come by chance; but had been sent to labour in preparing the way of the Lord in this dreary wilderness, where the voice of joy and gladness had never been heard: and I could not but anticipate with joyful hope the period when the Daystar from on high would dawn and shine on this dark and heathen land, and cause the very earth on which we then reposed to bring forth its increase, when God himself would give the poor inhabitants his blessing. After reflecting on the different ideas which crowded themselves upon my mind, I wrapped myself up in my great coat, and lay down to sleep.

He visited an island where he saw a singular spectacle. A number of natives were at work, breaking up the ground with a sort of spatula, or wooden spade,* to plant their sweet potato. Amongst these was Koro-Koro's head wife, or queen: “Her Majesty was working hard with a wooden spade, digging the ground for potatoes, with several of the women and some men.” The royal infant lay on the ground sprawling and kicking by her side. “The old queen earnestly requested that I would give her a hoe, showing me the difficulty she had in digging with a stick; a request with which I promised to comply.” We leave the reader to admire at leisure the Homeric simplicity of the scene, or to indulge in those sentiments of contemptuous pity to which Englishmen are possibly more prone.

* The Ko.

In another place, he found the head wife of Shunghie, though perfectly blind, digging in the same manner, surrounded by her women, and apparently with as much ease as the rest. The offer of a hoe in exchange for her spatula was accepted with joy. The scene drew forth these reflections: “When we viewed the wife of one of the most military chiefs, possessing large territories, digging with a spatula for her subsistence, this sight kindled within us the best feelings of the human heart. If a woman of this character, and blind, can thus labour with her servants, what will not this people rise to, if they can procure the means of improving their country, and of bettering their condition? Their temporal state must be improved by agriculture and the simple arts, in connection with the introduction of Christianity, in order to give permanence and full influence to the Gospel among them. Our God and Saviour, who is loving to

every man, and whose tender mercies are over all His works, is now, blessed be His name, moving the hearts of His servants to send relief to the poor heathen, even to the very ends of the earth."

Nothing can be more affecting than the meeting of Tooi and his sister, after the absence of the former in England. Tooi himself anticipated a scene, and half ashamed, when he saw his sister at a distance, tried to avoid the interview in public, and requested Mr. Marsden to order off the canoe in which they were approaching. But her love could not be restrained; in an instant she sprang into the boat, fell on her knees, and clung to Tooi. He saluted her in return; when she gave vent to her feelings in tears and loud lamentations, which she continued for about an hour. "Tooi conducted himself with great propriety, suppressing all his wild feelings, and at the same time treating his sister with all the soft and tender feelings of nature. I could not but view his conduct with admiration."

When Tooi was in England, he had been taught to read and write, and instructed in the doctrines of Christianity; and he and his companion Teterree were general favourites, from their gentle manners and quick intelligence. They were one day taken to St. Paul's by Mr. Nicholas, who naturally supposed they would be lost in astonishment at the grandeur of the building, but they expressed neither surprise nor pleasure; on which that gentleman makes this just remark: "It is only things of common occurrence, I suspect, that strike the mind of a savage. The faculties must be cultivated to fit them for the enjoyment of the beautiful or the sublime." One thing, however, did strike them, and caused no small excitement. In walking up Fleet Street, they suddenly stopped before a hairdresser's shop, in the window of which were some female busts. They screamed out "Wyenee! Wyenee!"* (Women! Women!) taking them for dried heads of the human subject. "I took some pains," adds their kind conductor, "to beat this notion out of them, lest they should tell their countrymen on their return that Europeans preserved human heads as well as New Zealanders."

* Wahine.

These bursts of feeling were, it seems, quite natural; intense sorrow or savage exultation, the extremes of tenderness and of brutality, were indulged by turns, without any suspicion on their part of insincerity in either. Immediately after, Mr. Marsden mentions that he passed a canoe in which he recognised an old acquaintance, Hooratookie,† the first New Zealander introduced into civil society, Governor King having once entertained him with great kindness. Hooratookie was grateful; spoke of the Governor's daughter, then a child, with unfeigned regard, calling her by her Christian name, Maria. But looking into his large war-canoe, capable of holding from sixty to eighty men, with provisions, Mr. Marsden observed on the stern the dried head of a chief. "The face was as natural as life, the hair was long, and every lock combed straight, and the whole brought up to the crown, tied in a knot, and ornamented with feathers, according to the custom of the chiefs when in full dress. It was placed there as an incentive to revenge. It is possible the death of this chief may be revenged by his children's children; hence the foundation is laid for new acts of cruelty and blood from generation to generation."

† Horatuki.

Mr. Marsden's fame now preceded him, and wherever he went he was received not with rude hospitality, but with courteous respect. One chief offered an oration or prayer on their arrival: “He invoked the heavens above and the earth beneath to render our visit advantageous to his people, and agreeable to us, and that no harm may happen to us, whom he esteemed as the gods of another country. We heard the profane adulations with silent grief, and could not but wish most ardently for the light of Divine truth to shine on such a dark and superstitious mind.”

Yet this man was a ferocious cannibal; and when Mr. Marsden expressed his anxiety for the safety of the missionaries after he should have left them, he was calmed by the assurance that, as they had done them no harm, they had no satisfaction to demand, “and that as for eating us, the flesh of a New Zealander was sweeter than that of an European, in consequence of the white people eating so much salt.”

From this the conversation turned to that of eating human flesh, which they defended with arguments which to them appeared, no doubt, perfectly conclusive. They alleged that fishes, animals, and birds preyed upon one another; and that one god would devour another god, therefore there was in Nature sufficient warrant for the practice. Shunghie explained how it was the gods preyed on each other, “and that when he was to the southward, and had killed a number of people and was afraid of their god, he caught their god, being a reptile, and ate part of it, and reserved the remainder for his friends.”

Shunghie, the greatest of New Zealand warriors, was at the same time a striking instance of that union of gentleness and ferocity which characterizes this people. To the missionaries his kindness was always great, and his respect for Mr. Marsden knew no bounds. An instance of his good feeling may here be noticed. In the beginning of 1817, a naval expedition, under his command, sailed from the Bay of Islands. It consisted of 30 canoes, and about 800 men. Its object was to obtain peace with his enemies at the North Cape. The chief took an affectionate leave of the settlers, and told them that if he fell they must be kind to his children; and if he survived, he would take care of their families when they should die. The expedition returned, however, in about a fortnight, his people having quarrelled with those of Whangaroa, into which place they had put for refreshment; and being afraid, he said, that the Whangaroa people would attack the settlers in his absence, he, for the present, abandoned the expedition.

Shunghie was again preparing for war when Mr. Marsden paid his second visit to New Zealand; his army, to the number of several thousand men, was already assembled; his war-canoes were ready, and all his preparations complete; yet in deference to the remonstrances of Mr. Marsden, he again abandoned his scheme of conquest or revenge, and dismissed his followers.

Shunghie paid a visit to England about the year 1820. His majestic person, graceful manners, and gentle yet manly disposition were much admired. He was one of Nature's nobles. What might not be expected from such a man when he returned home again? George the Fourth invited him to Carlton Palace, and received him with marked attention, presenting him with some military accoutrements and costly firearms. Yet the heart of a savage never ceased to beat beneath this polished exterior, while his pride was fanned to madness by the consideration he received in England.

"There is," he exclaimed, "but one king in England; there shall be only one king in New Zealand." Returning by way of Sydney he there happened to meet with Inacki,* another chief, with whom he had an ancient feud. He told him that when they got back to New Zealand he would fight him.

* Hinaki.

Inacki accepted the challenge, and Shunghie accordingly assembled, on his return to New Zealand, no fewer than two thousand men to attack Inacki. The latter was prepared to receive him, and for some time the event of the battle that ensued was doubtful. At length Shunghie, who had the greater number of muskets, and who had arranged his men in the form called, in Roman tactics, the cuneus, or wedge, placing himself at the apex and directing those behind him to wheel round the enemy, from the right and left, or to fall back into their original position as opportunity offered, shot Inacki. The savage Shunghie immediately sprang forward, scooped out the eye of the dying man with his knife, and swallowed it; and then, holding his hands to his throat, into which he had plunged his knife, and from which the blood flowed copiously, drank as much of the horrid beverage as the two hands could hold.

Amongst the horrible superstitions of the Maoris, one was that the eye of a victim thus devoured became a star in the firmament, and thus the ferocious Shunghie sought for honour and immortality. With the sword which he had received as a present from King George in England, he immediately cut off the heads of sixteen of his captives in cold blood; this was done to appease the spirit of his son-in-law, who had fallen in battle.

In this battle, Shunghie and his tribe were armed with muskets, his opponents only with the native weapons, the club and spear. His victory, therefore, was an easy one, but his revenge was cruel. A New Zealand traveller, who visited the spot in 1844, says: "The bones of 2000 men still lie whitening on the plain, and the ovens remain in which the flesh of the slaughtered was cooked for the horrible repasts of the victorious party, and yet so numerous were the slaves taken prisoners that the Nga-Puis (the tribe of which Shunghie was the head) killed many of them on their way to the Bay of Islands merely to get rid of them."*

* "Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand," by George French Angas; London, 1847.

Such was the gentle Shunghie when his viler nature was let loose—a frightful specimen of human nature, varnished by education, but unvisited by the grace of God.

We turn aside for a moment to describe a scene in bright contrast with these revolting details. Amongst the few who escaped the general slaughter was Koromona, a chief who became blind soon afterwards, but hearing Archdeacon W. Williams† preach at Matamata, was converted. "For the last four years," says the traveller mentioned, "Koromona has been a native teacher, and may be seen every Sabbath Day with his class instructing them in the truths of the Scripture with an earnestness which is truly admirable; he is now about to start to preach Christianity to a tribe which has not yet received it. His memory is wonderful; he knows the whole of the Church Service by heart, and repeats hymns and many long chapters verbatim." Thus the Gospel won its

victorious way, and proved itself triumphant over hearts no less depraved and passions no less degraded than those of Shunghie himself.

Amidst such scenes the missionaries dwelt in peace. War, and its inseparable and more hideous companion, cannibalism, showed themselves at their gates, but were not allowed to hurt them. No doubt the fearlessness of Mr. Marsden won the admiration of these savages and contributed not a little to his safety. His journal abounds in instances such as that which follows. The scene is in a Maori village, and the writer is surrounded with cannibals. “After conversing on several subjects, we had supper, sang a hymn, and then committed ourselves to the Angel of the Everlasting Covenant, and so lay down to rest; a number of the natives lay around the hut and some within. I slept well until daybreak, being weary with walking.”

† Afterwards the first Bishop of Waiapu.

He appears to have arrived home, after this second visit to New Zealand, towards the close of November, 1819. In February, 1820, he was once more on his way back to New Zealand. His letters bear ample testimony to a fact which all who were acquainted with him in private life observed, that his heart was full of affection, and that his home was the scene of his greatest happiness. He had not returned, it is true, to be greeted with public honours; on the contrary, he was still a marked man. The Governor and many of the leading men in the colony were prejudiced against him.

We believe it is to this period of his life that an anecdote which we give on the best possible authority belongs. The Governor had consented to his recent visit to New Zealand with reluctance, and had limited the period of his absence with military precision, threatening at the same time to deprive him of his chaplaincy unless he returned within the given time. The last day arrived, and the expected vessel was not in sight. The Governor repeated his determination to those around him, and Mr. Marsden's friends were filled with anxiety, and his wife and family at length gave up all hope. Towards evening the long-wished-for sail appeared in the offing, and at eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Marsden quietly walked into the Governor's drawing-room with the laconic and yet respectful address: “Sir, I am here to report myself.”

But within the bosom of his family all was peace, and his presence shed light and joy on everything around him. His circumstances were prosperous, for his farm, which was almost entirely committed to Mrs. Marsden's care, was now a source of considerable income; his children were growing up to manhood under their parents' roof; his circle of friends and visitors was large, for there were no bounds to his simple hospitality; and the clergy of the colony, men like minded with himself, had now begun to regard him not only with affection, but with the reverence which belongs to years and wisdom and wide experience.

Yet at the call of duty this veteran was ready, on the shortest notice, to resume a life of such toil and hardship as nothing could have rendered welcome, its noveity once over, but motives the most solemn and commanding. H.M.S. *Dromedary*, Captain Skinner, was directed by the Government to proceed from Sydney to the Bay of Islands to receive a cargo of New Zealand timber for trial in the dockyards of England; and Sir Byam Martin, controller of the navy, knowing something of the

energy of Mr. Marsden's character, and his great acquaintance with New Zealand, requested that he would accompany the *Dromedary*, which was joined by the *Coromandel*, in order to facilitate the object of their visit. With this request he felt it his duty to comply. He arrived in New Zealand on the 20th of February, and embarked on board the *Dromedary* to return on the 25th of November. Thus nearly the whole year was given to the service of New Zealand.

The time was not lost. On his arrival, a difficulty occurred which he only could have set at rest. The natives had come to the determination to exchange nothing, nor to do any kind of work, except for muskets and powder. His first business was to assemble the few European settlers, the advanced guard of that mighty band of European colonists which was soon to follow, and to persuade them not on any account to supply the natives with these weapons of war, in their hands so sure a source of mischief.

With regard to the duty of the missionaries there could be no doubt; and this he explained to all the powerful chiefs. They had come among them to preach the Gospel of Peace, how then could they he expected to furnish the means and implements of destruction? In writing to the Missionary Society at Home he says, and he must have written such a sentence with an aching heart: “I think it much more to the honour of religion and the good of New Zealand even to give up the mission for the present, than to trade with the natives in those articles.”

After a short time spent in the Bay of Islands, at the mission, he proceeded, sometimes in company with Europeans, but for the most part alone, upon a tour of many hundred miles through regions yet untrodden by the foot of civilized men, mingling with the native tribes, accompanying them in their wanderings from place to place, teaching the first lessons of civilization and Gospel truth, and receiving everywhere from these savages the kindest attention and the most hospitable welcome in return.

On their way to Tourangha,* he writes, under the date June the 20th:—

The day was far spent when we reached the plain. We walked on till the sun was nearly set, when we stopped and prepared for the night. The servants, who had the provisions to carry, were very tired. There were no huts on the plain, nor any inhabitants, and we were therefore compelled to take up our lodging in the open air. I was very weary, having had no rest the preceding night; and having come a long day's journey, so that I felt that rest would be very acceptable, even on a heap of fern or anything else.

* Tauranga, in the Bay of Plenty.

The peculiar scene that surrounded me, furnished the mind with new matter for contemplation on the works and ways of God. The mystery of His providence, and the still greater mystery of His grace, were all unsearchable to me. I had come from a distant country, and was then at the ends of the earth, a solitary individual, resting on an extensive wild, upon which no civilized foot had ever before trodden. My companions were poor savages, who nevertheless vied with each other in their attentions to me. I could not but feel attached to them. What would I have given to

have had the Book of Life opened, which was yet a sealed book to them,—to have shown them that God who made them, and to have led them to Calvary's mount, that they may see the Redeemer who had shed His precious blood for the redemption of the world, and was there set up as an ensign for the nations.

But it was not in my power to take the veil from their hearts, I could only pray for them, and entreat the Father of Mercies to visit them with His salvation. I felt very grateful that a Divine revelation had been granted to me; that I knew the Son of God had come, and believed that He had made a full and sufficient sacrifice or atonement for the sins of a guilty world. With compassionate feelings for my companions, under a grateful sense of my own mercies, I lay down to rest, free from all fear of danger.

It was during this tour that the following letter was addressed to the lady of his excellent friend, Dr. Mason Good. Let it stand on record as an evidence of the power of true religion in maintaining amidst the rudest scenes, and the rough warfare of an adventurous life, all the gentleness and affection of the most refined and polished society of a Christian land.

New Zealand, Sept. 22nd, 1820.

Dear Madam,—Your kind favour arrived in the Bay of Islands September 7, the evening I returned from a long journey. I had no sooner cast my eye over your letter, than busy imagination transported me from the solitary woods, dreary wastes, and savage society of New Zealand, into “the polished corner” of Guilford Street, and surrounded me with every cordial that could refresh the weary traveller, revive the fainting spirits, and blow the languishing spark of Christian love with a heavenly flame. I had literally been living for weeks a savage life, as far as outward circumstances went. I ate, I slept in the thick wood, in a cave, or on the banks of a river, or sea, with my native companions, wherever the shadows of the evening, or gathering storm, compelled us to seek for shelter.

Every day as I advanced from tribe to tribe, I was introduced to new acquaintances; my object was to gain from observation and experience that knowledge of savage life which I could not learn from books, and to make myself well acquainted with the wants, wishes, and character of the native inhabitants, to enable me, if my life should be spared, to aid to the utmost of my power in their deliverance from their present temporal miseries, which are great upon them, and from their much sorer bondage to the prince of darkness. I am happy in having obtained this object to a certain extent, at the expense of a few temporal privations, and a little bodily evil.

When I have lain down upon the ground after a weary day's journey, wrapped up in my great coat, surrounded only by cannibals, I often thought how many thousands are there in civil life, languishing upon beds of down, and saying, with Job, “in the evening would God it were morning,” while I could sleep free from fear or pain, far remote from civil society under the guardian care of Him who keepeth Israel.

Though I everywhere met with the greatest kindness from the natives, as well as hospitality, for they always gave me the best fern-root, potato, or fish in their possession, yet I could never have duly estimated the sweets of civil life, and the still greater mental gratification of Christian communion, if I had not passed through

these dark regions of Satan's dominions, on which the dayspring from on high hath never cast a single ray. You cannot conceive how great a feast your letter was, after so long a fast. I was instantly present with every person you mentioned, and lived over again some of those happy moments I once spent under your hospitable roof. A sacred warmth flowed round my soul, my heart was sweetly melted under the influence of that pure and undefiled religion which dropped from your pen, like the heavenly dew, as it ran through every line.

The immediate object of his visit being accomplished, he returned to Sydney, where a strange reception awaited him.

Governor Macquarie had sent to Lord Bathurst a despatch in answer to the statements of the senior chaplain, already noticed, in which he brought heavy charges against the latter, which deeply affected his character, not only as a Magistrate, but as a Christian man and a minister.

The office of a Magistrate he had been compelled to undertake in common with the other clergy of the colony, who were all included in the Commission of the Peace. For this there was no justification except hard necessity. Mr. Marsden, however, had long been weary of the irksome task, and had once again requested the Governor to accept his resignation. This the Governor had expressly declined to do, on the ground that “his services as a Magistrate were too beneficial to the public”; but in fact, it would seem, only that he might have the opportunity of inflicting upon him the annoyance of a formal dismissal, which was shortly afterwards notified in the *Sydney Gazette*.

Lord Bathurst, in consequence of the Governor's despatch, determined upon a step which gave great satisfaction to Mr. Marsden's friends at Home, and sent out a Commissioner to investigate upon the spot the truth of these and various other matters affecting the state of the colony, which had now obtained public notoriety, and had already engaged the attention of the British Parliament; and Commissioner Bigge arrived during Mr. Marsden's absence to manage the inquiry.

On his return we find him seeking a public and searching examination of his whole conduct. Addressing a letter to the Commissioner, he says: “I am happy to meet every charge that can be brought against me. I have no wish to do more than set my character right in the opinion of his Majesty's Government and in that of the Christian world; and I am unfeignedly thankful to you for the fair opportunity you afford me to justify my public and private conduct.”

Among the many charges brought before the Commission of Inquiry was that already preferred against Mr. Marsden by the Governor in his despatch to Lord Bathurst, namely, that he had been guilty of extraordinary severity as a Magistrate. Another, scarcely consistent with the first, was that more profligacy and depravity were to be found amongst the convicts of Parramatta than in any other district, and that this was owing to the neglect of the senior chaplain.

Perhaps it would have been impossible to bring forward any two charges of a more painful nature.

Happily the first was easily disproved, or rather it fell at once to the ground for want of proof. The second was the more cruel, because, while the facts bore out the statement, Mr. Marsden was the only public man in the colony who was not guilty, by his silence at least, to some extent of the iniquities which the Governor affected to deplore. Parramatta was, in fact, the receptacle of the most hardened and depraved of the convict class; it received the sweepings of the gaols in every district. There were nearly 200 women and 700 male convicts there, while the factory was so small as not to be able to contain more than 60 women, and the remainder were obliged to find lodging for themselves or to sleep in the open fields.

This was Mr. Marsden's answer to the Commissioner; it was a repetition of the remonstrance which he alone had the courage, two years before, to present to the Governor, and then to remit Home to England.

Thus he found himself arraigned as the cause of those very evils—evils, too, lying at his own door—which he had obtained so much obloquy for attempting to remove.

A third charge was that he had squandered public money in building the Female Orphan House. He showed, however, on his defence, that the Lieutenant-Governor, Judge-Advocate, and others, who formed the Committee, had examined the accounts and passed them every quarter, and that the Governor had afterwards approved of them, and published them in the *Sydney Gazette* three years before the charge was made. It now appeared further that Mr. Marsden had advanced largely to the institution, to the amount, indeed, of more than £800, for the mere cost of the building; "and this," he says, "must have been known to the Governor, as I was obliged to apply to him for repayment for some of these sums, and received an answer that he could not assist me."

Governor Macquarie left the impression of his genius upon the youthful institutions of Australia, where his memory is still honoured as that of a great man; yet his conduct to Mr. Marsden was oppressive and unjust. It is consoling to know that there had been nothing in the personal conduct of the latter unworthy of his sacred calling.

The Commissioner, at the conclusion of the investigation, inserts, for Mr. Marsden's information, the Governor's testimonial of his character, which, considering the charges brought against him, certainly does go far to prove that misapprehension and exasperated feelings had betrayed his Excellency into a warmth and precipitancy of which, in moments of less irritation, he felt ashamed. "The Governor admits that Mr. Marsden's manner to him has been constantly civil and accommodating, and that nothing in his manner could provoke the Governor's warmth. The Governor admits his qualifications, his activity, and his unremitting vigilance as a Magistrate, and in society his cheerful disposition and readiness to please."

While this inquiry was pending at Sydney, the Governor addressed a letter to Lord Sidmouth, and published it in England. It was a defence of his own line of policy against various attacks which had been made against it in the House of Commons by the Hon. H. Grey Bennett and others. In the course of his defence, the Governor not only ridiculed Mr. Marsden's letter on the necessity for a female factory, and his account of the melancholy condition of the convict women, but charged him with

being accustomed to traffic in spiritous liquors, and in consequence of being displeased at having so many publichouses in his neighbourhood.

Malicious and absurd as the accusation was, carrying with it its own refutation, it found some who were weak or wicked enough to believe, or to repeat it. It was revived in the colony, and republished in one of the Sydney newspapers after Mr. Marsden's death. Such is the tenacity of slander. “Only throw mud enough,” says the eloquent Mr. Burke, “and some of it will be sure to stick.”

Mr. Marsden felt his character so seriously compromised that he wrote Home to the Minister in self-defence, and also addressed a statement of the case to the new Governor, Sir T. Brisbane. After showing the absurdity, and indeed the impossibility of the charge, since, in the first place, the Governor himself had granted a monopoly to certain contractors to purchase and land all spirits brought to the colony, and because in the second he had no license, he adds: “Such is the watchful eye that was kept upon my whole conduct by night and by day, if I had been guilty of that or any other impropriety, it would have been impossible for me to have escaped detection.”

So far as any pretence of truth could have been urged in support of this vile slander, namely that “he kept a public-house for the sale of ardent spirits, selling them in any quantity from a pint to a puncheon,” it may be stated in his own words: “In the infancy of the colony, previously to my arrival, barter was established among all classes, from the Governor downwards. As there was neither beer nor milk, tea nor sugar, to be purchased at any price, wine and spirits became the medium of exchange. As the colony progressively advanced in agriculture, commerce, and wealth, barter gradually decreased, and money transactions became more general. I can affirm that for the last eighteen years I have not had in my possession as much spirits as would allow my servants half a pint a head per week. And at no period of my residence did I ever purchase spirits for sale.”*

These were not the only troubles through which he was called to pass. But enough has been said both to explain the difficulties in which Mr. Marsden was placed and to clear his character from the vile aspersions cast upon it. It is with pleasure that we turn from these false and disgraceful charges to follow him in those Christian and philanthropic pursuits which have given splendour to his name.

* Rations of spirits, as in the navy, would seem at this time to have been regularly served out to the servants and labourers in the colony. (Note by the biographer.)

On the arrival of Sir Thomas Brisbane, in 1821, to assume the government of New South Wales, Mr. Marsden immediately waited upon him, when he received the assurance of his countenance and support, not only as a colonial chaplain, but as the representative of the great missionary work going forward in New Zealand.

Such encouragement was opportune; he thanked God and took courage; for the difficulties were great, and from time to time grievous disappointments and vexations had occurred. It was about this time that the seminary at Parramatta, for the education of New Zealanders, was abandoned. It had its origin with Mr. Marsden, and was conducted for some time in his own house. It was, indeed, one of his most favourite plans, and its failure was a severe disappointment. It was found, however,

that the change of habits and of climate was injurious to the health of the New Zealanders, while the results were not always such as might have been desired. But nothing could damp his ardent zeal, or quench his spirit of enterprise.

“I see,” he says, writing to his friends at Home, “the way preparing for the spread of the Gospel. I feel the fullest conviction that the South Sea Islands will now receive the blessing of civilization and the Gospel. The work is great, and many difficulties may oppose it. The foundation is now firmly laid, and no power on earth can overturn it. To impart these blessings to the New Zealanders is an object worthy of the British nation: a more noble undertaking could not be suggested to the Christian world.” This at least was not the mere declamation of the platform, but the deliberate expression of the views of one who had toiled and suffered in the cause for twenty years, and had scarcely been cheered, at present, with the sight of a single New Zealand convert. “Here,” at least, “is the patience of the saints.”

His home duties were not neglected; nor was his the easy philanthropy which overlooks the humble claims of the rustic flock or obscure parish, while it stalks abroad on some heroic enterprise which may feed the vanity, while it pacifies the conscience, of the actor. Through his exertions Parramatta had now its association on behalf of the Bible Society, which already collected funds for the parent society in England.

Mr. Marsden's anxiety for the female convicts was not to be abated by ridicule or opposition. We find him, in August, 1822, addressing a letter to Dr. Douglas, the Police Magistrate of Parramatta, on their behalf. Some of the sentiments are beautifully touching. The substance of the plea is “that these poor creatures, who are confined in the penitentiary, and who have committed no offence in these settlements, be allowed the privilege of attending at least once on the Sabbath Day on public worship.”

The request was surely reasonable, and in urging it he rises to a pathetic eloquence:

There is no nation under the heavens in whose bosom the wretched and unfortunate find so warm a reception as in our own. The unhappy situation of the female convicts during their confinement in the different gaols in the empire interests the best feelings of the human heart. They are instructed by the counsels of the wise, consoled by the prayers of the pious, softened by the tears of the compassionate, and relieved by the alms of the benevolent. The noble senator does not pass over their crimes and their punishments unnoticed; he is anxious for the prevention of the former, and the mitigation of the latter; nor does the wise politician consider them beneath his care.

He speaks with natural exultation of “the watchful eye with which the British Government provides for their wants and conveniences during their voyage to New South Wales, even more liberally than for the brave soldiers and sailors who have fought the battles of their country, and never violated its laws”; and then follows a sentence which leaves us uncertain whether more to admire his patriotism or the gentleness of his nature and the warmth of his heart:

This apparently singular conduct may seem as if the British Government wished to encourage crime and afterwards reward it; but upon a nearer view this principle of action will be found to spring spontaneously from virtue, from that inherent, laudable, Christian compassion and anxiety, which the father of the prodigal felt for his lost son, which kept alive the spark of hope that he might one day return to his father's house and be happy. This parable of our blessed Saviour's most beautifully exhibits the character of the British nation towards her prodigal sons and daughters, and is more honourable to her than all the victories she has achieved by sea and land."

The welfare of the female convict population lay near to Mr. Marsden's heart. Scarcely his beloved New Zealanders and their missions engaged more of his affection. His plans for the improvement of their temporal condition, and his incessant labours for their spiritual welfare, occupied no small portion of his time and thoughts; and there is good reason to believe that his labours amongst these outcasts were not "in vain in the Lord." Standing, as we should have thought, himself in need of encouragement, he stimulated the languid zeal of others. Mrs. Fry and other philanthropists were now engaged in their great work of amending the prison discipline at Home. We have inserted a letter from that excellent lady to Mr. Marsden. His answer to it must have cheered her spirits amidst the many disheartening toils to which she was exposed:

"The *Wellington* had just arrived when," he says, "I went on board, and was highly gratified with the order which appears to have been maintained in that vessel. I could not have conceived that any ship could have been fitted up to have afforded such accommodation to the unfortunate exiles as the *Wellington* was. All the women looked clean, healthy, and well. They had not that low, vicious, squalid, dirty look which the women at former periods have had when they first arrived. I believe there has been very great attention paid by the master and surgeon to their morals and comfort in every possible way. The very sight of the arrangements of the vessel showed that the humane and benevolent wishes of the Christian world had been carried into effect, and proved beyond all contradiction that order and morality can be maintained upon so long a voyage in a female convict ship…. The present inquiry into the state of this colony, before the Committee of the House of Commons, will greatly benefit this country. I can speak from painful experience that for the last twenty-six years, it has been the most immoral, wretched society in all the Christian world.

"Those who are intimate with the miseries and vices of large gaols alone can form any idea of the colony of New South Wales. I know what Newgate was when I was in London, in the years 1808 and 1809. I was then in the habit of seeing that miserable abode of vice and woe. What has since been done in Newgate may be done elsewhere, if suitable means are adopted by those in authority, seconded by individual exertions; much might be done in these colonies towards restoring the poor exiles to society with the countenance and support of the Government. Great evils are not removed without great difficulties. When I visited the *Wellington*, I saw much had been done in England, and more than I could have credited, had I not been an eye witness of the situation of the females."

Sir Thomas Brisbane, the new Governor, was not slow to perceive the worth of services such as those which Mr. Marsden had rendered to the colony, and pressed him to accept once more the office of a Magistrate.

In reference to this, "I wish," says Mr. Marsden, in a letter to Dr. Mason Good, "to avoid the office if I can; but I fear it will not be in my power, without giving offence. The Judges as well as the public and the Magistrates have urged me to take the bench at the present time." In the same letter, he adds: "I feel happy that I have stood firm against all calumnies and reproaches, and have been the instrument of bringing to light the abominations that have been committed here: and some of the evils are already remedied." The friends of religion and virtue in England could not fail to sympathize with him, being well assured that substantially he was fighting the cause of true piety and equal justice, against profligacy and oppression.

Mr. Wilberforce wrote to him in the year 1823, with his usual warm affection:—

"Though I may be a somewhat doubtful and unfrequent correspondent, I am not an uncertain friend; and where good will, as in your instance, is grounded on early esteem, and cemented by the consciousness of having many mutual friends, I should be ashamed if that should suffer any decay from the impression not being often renewed. It was with no small concern that I heard that anything unpleasant had occurred. I had meant to endeavour to obtain a sight of any letters or papers to our common friends, and to have consulted with them whether any—and, if any, what—measures could be taken for the benefit of your colony, or in your own support, which, without a compliment, I hold to be in a degree coincident…. And now, my dear sir, farewell: but I ought not to conclude without congratulating you on the progressive advancement, as I trust, of the religious and moral interests of your Australian world, and begging that you will always inform me unreservedly whenever you conceive I can be of use publicly, or to yourself personally."

The report of Commissioner Bigge was made public soon afterwards; and with it the clouds which had gathered so long around the chaplain of Parramatta were at last dispersed. He was too prominent a mark not to be again assailed. Always in the front of the battle when the oppressed required protection, or when evil doers in high positions incurred bold assaults, it was not in the nature of things that he should lead a quiet life. His calling was peculiar; so were his talents; and the latter were admirably fitted for the former. But for the present his triumph was complete, and the Government at Home appreciated his faithful service. The document which follows requires no further comment. It was not received till some time had elapsed, but we insert it here as a fitting conclusion to the chapter:—

Private Secretary's Office, Sydney,
9th April, 1825.

Reverend Sir,—I have the honour to acquaint you, by command of his Excellency the Governor, that Earl Bathurst, having taken into consideration your long and useful services in the colony of New South Wales, has determined upon increasing your stipend to the sum of four hundred pounds sterling, per annum.

I have further the pleasing satisfaction of coupling with it his Lordship's instructions to the Governor, to acquaint you that it has been done in consideration of your long, laborious, and praiseworthy exertions in behalf of religion and morality.

I have the honour to be, reverend Sir,
Your obedient servant,

John Ovens,
Private Secretary.

To the Rev. Samuel Marsden,
Principal Chaplain.

Chapter VIII.

In July, 1823, we find Mr. Marsden again taking ship and embarking for New Zealand; his intention being to visit the stations of the Church Missionary Society, and to arrange its affairs. Since his previous visit fresh causes for anxiety had appeared. In consequence of Shunghie's misconduct, the natives were now alienated from the missionaries; they had become indifferent to education and agricultural improvements; and the Gospel, it was too evident, had made little progress hitherto. Shunghie declared that as to himself, “he wanted his children to learn to fight and not to read.”

The Maoris about the settlement insisted upon being paid for their services in fire-arms and ammunition. “Since Shunghie's return,” writes one of the missionaries, “the natives, one and all, have treated us with contempt. They are almost past bearing; coming into our houses when they please, demanding food, thieving whatever they can lay their hands on, breaking down our garden fences, stripping the ship's boats of everything they can. They seem, in fact, ripe for any mischief; had Mr. Marsden himself been amongst us, much as he deserves their esteem, I believe he would not escape without insult; but the Lord is a very present help in time of trouble.”

Amongst the missionaries themselves certain evils had appeared, the growth of a secular and commercial spirit, which had injured their cause, and threatened to frustrate the great end for which the mission was projected. Mr. Marsden heard of these untoward events, and hastened his departure, full of anxiety, but not abating one jot of his confidence in the final triumph of God's cause. What his feelings were his own journal testifies:—

I am still confident that this land of darkness and superstition will be visited by the day-star from on high. The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. O Lord, let thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. I have suffered so much annoyance and persecution for some time past, from unreasonable and wicked men, that I am happy in leaving the colony for a little time, in which I have experienced so much annoyance. In reflecting upon the state of New Zealand there are many things which give me both pleasure and pain. I am happy the Church Missionary Society has not relinquished the cause, but has sent out more strength to carry on the work. Many

have been the discouragements from the misconduct of some of the servants of the society; but I am confident that the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, will in time subdue the hearts of these poor people to the obedience of faith.

He was accompanied on his voyage by the Rev. Henry Williams and his family, who now went out to strengthen the New Zealand mission, of which he soon became one of the most effective leaders. One of Bishop Selwyn's first steps when he was appointed Bishop of New Zealand was to make Mr. Henry Williams one of his archdeacons.* Could Mr. Marsden have foreseen the course which awaited his companion, how would his soul have been cheered! But it was for him to sow in tears, and for others to reap in joy. The field was not yet ripe for the harvest; other men laboured, who now sleep in the dust, and we of this generation have entered into their labours.

Mr. Marsden was not mistaken in his estimate of his new companion. Indeed, he appears to have been very seldom mistaken in the judgments he formed about other men. “I think,” he notes, “that Mr. Williams and his family will prove a great blessing to the society. I hope he will be able to correct and remedy, in time, many evils that have existed, and also to set an example to the rest what they as missionaries should do.”

* The biographer states in the original work (p. 169) that Archdeacon Henry Williams afterwards was “designated to a New Zealand Bishopric in a district inhabited exclusively by Christianized Maoris.” This is an error. It was Archdeacon William Williams who became the first Bishop of Waiapu.

This was his fourth visit to New Zealand, and though in some respects it was painful, yet in others there was ground for joy.

The cloud which the prophet saw from Carmel, though no greater than a man's hand, foretold abundance of rain; and so now, too, at length, after nine years' toil, a few hopeful symptoms appeared amongst the Maoris. Their anxious visitor observed with much pleasure, he says, that since his previous visit, the natives in general were much improved in their appearance and manners; and now for the first time he heard them, with strange delight, sing some hymns and repeat some prayers in their own language. This convinced him that, notwithstanding the misconduct of a few of the Europeans, the work was gradually going on, and the way preparing for the blessings of the Gospel. “I have no doubt that the greatest difficulties are now over, and that God will either incline the hearts of those who are now in New Zealand, to devote themselves to their work, or he will find other instruments to do his work.”

Yet he had a painful duty to discharge. Firm as he was and lion-hearted when danger was to be met, his nature was very gentle, and his affections both deep and warm; and he had now to rebuke some of the missionaries whom he loved as his own soul, and even to dismiss one of them.

Of those whom he had been obliged to censure, he writes thus:—“They expressed their regret for the past, and a determination to act in a different way for the future. Some, I have no doubt, will retrace their steps, and will be more cautious and

circumspect, but I have not the same confidence in all. Some express sorrow, but I fear not that which worketh repentance."

Again he remarks: "Missionary work is very hard work, unless the heart is fully engaged in it. No consideration can induce a man to do habitually what he has a habitual aversion to. The sooner such a one leaves the work the better it will be for himself and the mission." But though compelled to blame, he did not forget to sympathize. "The present missionaries, though some of them have erred greatly from the right way, yet have all had their trials and troubles. Some allowance must be made for their peculiar situation, and their want of Christian society, and of the public ordinances of religion."

Several chiefs, among whom was Tooi, warmly took up the cause of the missionary who had been dismissed. The conversation which followed is a beautiful illustration of the too much forgotten Scripture which tells us that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," while at the same time it presents an interesting view of the Maori mind and character at this critical period of their national history:—

Tooi, addressing me, said a missionary had informed him that day that he was going to leave New Zealand, and the chiefs wished to know whether this person had been dismissed for selling muskets and powder to the natives. To this I replied that Mr.——was directed by the gentlemen in England who had sent him out as a missionary, not to sell muskets and powder; that it was not the custom in England for clergymen to sell muskets and powder; and that no missionary could be allowed to sell them in New Zealand.

As several of the chiefs present had been at Port Jackson, I observed that they knew that the clergymen there did not sell muskets and powder. They knew that I had not one musket in my house, and that they had never seen any when they were with me. They replied, they knew what I said was true. I further added we did not interfere with the Government of New Zealand; they did what they pleased, and the missionaries should be allowed to do what they pleased.

Tooi said that this was but just, and observed, "We are at present in the same state as the Otaheitans were some time back. The Otaheitans wanted only muskets and powder, and would have nothing else, and now, as they knew better, they wanted none; and the New Zealanders would care nothing about muskets when they knew better, which they would in time." All the chiefs acquiesced in the observations Tooi made.

I was happy to find their minds were so enlarged, and that they had begun to take such proper views of the subject. I said, Tooi's remarks upon the conduct of the Otaheitans were very just, and told them that the *Queen Charlotte* brig, which had sailed from the bay the preceding day, belonged to the young king Pomare; that the Otaheitans had sent oil and various other articles to Port Jackson, and that they had received in return, tea, sugar, and flour, and clothing, as they wanted these articles, and that the New Zealanders might in time have a ship of their own to procure sperm oil, spars, etc., which they might sell at Port Jackson, and many of them were able to kill the whales, having been employed on board the whalers. When they got a vessel of their own, they would soon be equal to the Otaheitans, and give over their cruel

wars. They expressed much pleasure at having a vessel of their own. After some further explanation the chiefs were satisfied that Mr.——had violated our laws and had brought all his distress upon himself.

The conduct of the natives confirmed the impression which Mr. Marsden had previously formed, and which their subsequent history down to the present day entirely sustains, that they are a noble race of men, of considerable mental capacity, of great perseverance and enterprise, who never lose sight of an object upon which they have once set their minds; powerful reasoners upon any subject that has come within their knowledge; possessed of a quick perception and a natural sagacity, which enables them to form a just acquaintance with human nature as it presents itself before them. Who would not wish that they too may form a happy exception to the rule which seems in every land to condemn the native population to waste away before the advances of European enterprise? Who would not desire that the Maori tribes may long be a great and powerful nation, protected, but not oppressed, by English rule?

Mr. Marsden now paid a visit, at Whangaroa, to the Wesleyan missionary station there. Over the Wesleyan missions he, of course, had no control or oversight, such as that with which he was entrusted towards the missions of the London Missionary Society in the South Sea Islands. This, however, did not prevent his taking an affectionate interest in their affairs. He found Mr. Leigh, the founder of their mission, very ill, and invited him to return with him on a voyage of health and recreation to Port Jackson; and having taken leave of the Church Missionary brethren with solemn and affectionate counsels he embarked on the 6th of September, 1823, with feelings which he thus describes:—

I now felt much pleasure in the prospect of a speedy return to my family and people, and being very weary with various toils and anxieties, both of body and mind, I longed for a little rest, and retired to my cabin with much thankfulness and comfort. I had cause to be thankful for continual good health during the period I had been in New Zealand, as I had not lost one day. I felt great confidence in the Rev. Mr. Williams, and I doubt not that God will prosper the work, and raise up a seed in this benighted land to serve Him; for many shall come from the south as well as the north, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God."

But his bright visions were overcast. Like the first and greatest of Christian missionaries, it was ordained that he, too, "should suffer shipwreck and be cast upon a desert island." His own journal gives us the story of his danger and deliverance.

Sunday, 7th.—This morning we weighed anchor. I spent some time this day reading the Scriptures with the Rev. S. Leigh. Our subject for contemplation was the 1st chapter of St. Paul to the Romans. The weather was very threatening and stormy; the wind from the eastward and strong, blowing directly into the mouth of the harbour. We lay in Korororika*, now called Russell. Bay, on the south side of the harbour, and had to sail along a lee rocky shore. In working out with the wind dead on the land, the ship being light and high out of the water she would not answer her helm, and twice missed stays. The lead was kept continually sounding, and we soon found ourselves in little more than three fathoms water, with a rocky bottom and a shoal of

rocks on our lee, and it was then high water. When the captain found the situation we were in, he immediately ordered to let go the anchor, which was done.

* Kororareka

When the tide turned the ship struck, the gale increased, and the sea with it; a shipwreck was now more than probable; there appeared no possible way to prevent it. The Rev. Mr. Leigh was very ill, and felt the disturbance much, Mrs. Leigh also being very ill. I requested the captain to lend me the boat to take Mr and Mrs. Leigh to the nearest island, where we arrived very safely, the island being but two miles distant.

The natives expressed much concern for us, made a fire, prepared the best hut they could, which was made of bulrushes, for our reception. I requested them to send a canoe to Rungheehe†, to inform Mr. and Mrs. Hall of the loss of the ship, and to bring their boat to assist in bringing the people to land. At the same time, I desired they would tell the natives to bring a large war canoe. The natives for some time alleged that their canoe would be dashed to pieces by the waves, but at length I prevailed upon them. They had between five and six miles to go, through a very rough sea.

About three o'clock, Messrs. Hall, King, and Hanson arrived in Mr. Hall's boat, and a large war canoe with natives; they immediately proceeded to the ship, and we had the satisfaction to see them arrive safe, and waited until dark with the greatest anxiety for their return. The rain fell in torrents, the gale increased, and they had not returned; we lay down in our little hut full of fear for the safety of all on board. The night appeared very long, dark, and dreary. As we could not rest, we most anxiously wished for the morning light, to learn some account of them.

† Rangihihi.

September 8th.—When the day arrived we had the happiness to see the vessel still upright, and driven nearer the shore. No boat or canoe from her; the gale still increased; about mid-day we saw the mainmast go overboard. The natives on the island screamed aloud when the mast fell. I concluded they had cut away the mast to relieve the vessel. We spent the rest of the day in great suspense, as we could not conjecture why all the passengers should remain on board, in the state the ship was in.

At dark in the evening Mr. Hall returned, and informed us that the bottom of the vessel was beaten out, and that both her chain and best bower cable were parted; and that she beat with such violence upon the rocks when the tide was in that it was impossible to stand upon the deck; at the same time, he said, there was no danger of any lives being lost, as he did not think the vessel would go to pieces, as she stood firm upon the rock, when the tide was out. He said, the passengers on board had not determined what they would do, or where they would land as yet; they wished to wait till the gale was abated. Mr. Hall's information relieved us much; as it was now dark, the wind high, and the sea rough, we could not leave the island, and therefore took up our lodgings in our little hut.

The natives supplied us with a few potatoes and some fish. My pleasing prospect of returning to Port Jackson was at an end, for some time at least. I was exceedingly concerned for the loss of so fine a vessel on many accounts, as individuals who are interested in her must suffer as well as the passengers on board, and spent the night in reflections on the difficulties with which I was surrounded; while the raging of the storm continued without intermission.

Tuesday, 9th.—At the return of day we discovered the ship still upright, but she appeared to be higher on the reef. I now determined to return to Kiddee-Kiddee* in Mr. Hall's boat with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh. We left the island for the missionary settlement, where we arrived about nine o'clock. Our friends had not heard of the loss of the ship until our arrival, as there had not been any communication between the different settlements in consequence of the severe weather. We were very kindly received by the brethren; I informed them in what situation we had left the ship, and requested that every assistance might be given to land the passengers and luggage.

* Kerikeri.

The wreck was about twelve or fourteen miles from the settlement. Four boats were immediately sent off; Mr. Hall's boat took the women and children to Rungheehe, and two of the boats returned with part of our luggage, and we went to the station of the Rev. Henry Williams. All the brethren rendered every aid in their power. The boats on their return brought the welcome news that all was well on board, and Mr. Leigh did not appear to have suffered much injury from the wet and cold he endured on the island, though in so weak a state. Divine wisdom has no doubt some wise ends to answer in all that has befallen us. The word of God expressly says all things shall work together for the good of them that love God, and the Scripture cannot be broken.

We cannot see through this dark and mysterious dispensation at the present time; the why and wherefore we must leave to Him who ordereth all things according to the counsel of His own will. As the gale continued with unremitting violence, if we had gone out to sea we might have been cast on shore under more dangerous and distressing circumstances. Our shipwreck has been a most merciful one, as no lives have been lost, nor anything but the ship.

The shipwreck of the *Brampton*—for that was the vessel's name—occurred on the 7th of September, and in consequence Mr. Marsden was detained in New Zealand until the 14th of November, when he returned home in the *Dragon*, and arrived at Sydney in the beginning of December, 1823. The interval was not lost; for he seems to have been one of those who gather up the fragments of time, and turn to the best account the idle hours and spare moments of life. He drew up some excellent rules for the guidance of the missionaries and Christian settlers in their intercourse with the shipping which now began to visit the Bay of Islands.

He encouraged the erection of a schoolhouse for the natives. “The foundation,” he says, “must be laid in the education of the rising generation. The children possess strong minds, are well-behaved and teachable. They are capable of learning anything we wish to teach them.” During his detention he also addressed a circular letter to the missionaries respecting a grammar in the Maori language, pointing out the necessity for adopting some more systematic method both for its arrangement and

pronunciation. This led to a new vocabulary of the native language, and in a short time to a new method of spelling.

But even Mr. Marsden, with all his sagacity, did not penetrate New Zealand's future, nor foresee in how short a time the well-known and familiar sounds of English towns and villages would be transferred to that still savage island, superseding even in Maori lips their native designations.

Lastly, a political object occupied some of Mr. Marsden's time and thoughts. The incessant and desolating wars which the native tribes waged against one another were, he saw, the great obstacle to the progress of New Zealand. The missions were always insecure, for the country was always more or less disturbed. Civil war is, under all circumstances, the bane, and, if persisted in, the ruin of a country; add the ferocity of New Zealand warfare, its cannibalism and its undying spirit of revenge, and nothing more was wanted to degrade the finest country under heaven into a very pit of darkness.

All this Mr. Marsden felt; he conceived that if he could succeed in establishing some one chief as supreme, a plan of government might be drawn up securing life and property throughout the island. He consulted Shunghie, Wyatto Riva,* and other powerful chiefs. Shunghie's ambitious spirit would have embraced the proposal, the condition being, of course, that he should be the sovereign; but the jealousy of the rest prevented anything like unanimity. Riva justly remarked that to have any superior would degrade them; yet all the chiefs appeared tired of war and the unsettled state consequent upon it. So the project failed.

* Probably Wai-ata Rewa.

At length he returned home, accompanied by six New Zealand youths, whose eagerness was such that they gladly promised to sleep upon the deck rather than miss the opportunity. Mr. Leigh, the Wesleyan missionary, was also his fellow voyager. Mr. Leigh's opinion of Mr. Marsden and his labours is highly gratifying, and not the less so as coming from one who belonged to another society.

“The shipwreck,” he says, “which we have experienced will, I have no doubt, prove favourable to the reputation of the New Zealanders. For several days we were in their power, and they might have taken all that we had with the greatest ease; but instead of oppressing and robbing us, they actually sympathized with us in our trials and afflictions. Mr. Marsden, myself, and Mrs. Leigh, were at a native village for several days and nights, without any food but what the natives brought us; what they had they gave us willingly, and said—‘Poor creatures! you have nothing to eat, and you are not accustomed to our kind of food.’ I shall never forget the sympathy and kindness of these poor heathens.

“I do hope that the Rev. S. Marsden will be successful in his endeavours to put an end to the frequent wars in New Zealand. I have heard many natives and chiefs say: ‘It is no good to go to fight and eat men; we wish to cease from war, and retire to some peaceful place.’ I pray God that this object may be soon effected among this people. The Christian world, and especially the Church Missionary Society, will never be able fully to appreciate the valuable labours of the Rev. Samuel Marsden.

His fervent zeal, his abundant toil, and extensive charity in the cause of missions, are beyond estimation. May he live long as a burning and shining light in the missionary world!”

Chapter IX.

Scarcely had Mr. Marsden returned to Parramatta when we find him in correspondence with the new Governor on the subject of the aborigines of Australia. They were already wasting away in the presence of the European colonists like snow before the sun. Their restless and wandering habits seemed to present insuperable difficulties, whether the object were to convert or merely to protect them.

His memorandum to the Governor, and subsequent correspondence with the Church Missionary Society, show his anxiety for their welfare and the largeness of his heart. Each new project, as it came before him, was welcomed with serious attention, while at the same time there was no fickleness, no relaxation of his efforts in his old engagements and pursuits.

His interest in the mission to the South Sea Islands continued unabated. The London Missionary Society had deputed the Rev. Daniel Tyerman and Mr. George Bennett to visit these missions, and bring Home in person a report of all they might see upon the spot. On their voyage, they stayed awhile at Sydney, and Mr. Marsden addressed a letter to them, which shows his own zeal in the cause, and the painful apathy or profane contempt of others. Such memorials, in this day of comparative fervour, ought not to be forgotten.

Sydney, November 4, 1824.

Gentlemen,—I know of no circumstance that has given me more satisfaction than your mission to the South Sea Islands. The attempt to introduce the arts of civilization and the knowledge of Christianity amongst the inhabitants of those islands was confessedly great. An undertaking of such a new and important nature could not be accomplished without much labour, expense, anxiety, and risk, to all who were concerned in the work. The missionaries, for the first ten years, suffered every privation in the islands, from causes which I need not state. They called for every support and encouragement to induce them to remain in the islands, and to return to their stations, after they had been compelled to take refuge in New South Wales.

During these ten years, I used every means in my power to assist the missionaries, and to serve the Society Islands. During the next ten years, the ruling powers in this colony manifested a very hostile spirit to the mission. As I felt it my pleasure as well as my duty to support the cause, I fell under the marked displeasure of those in authority, and had a painful warfare to maintain for so long a period, and many sacrifices I had to make. The ungodly world always treated the attempt to introduce the Gospel among the natives of the Islands as wild and visionary, and the Christian world despaired of success.

In those periods of doubt and uncertainty in the public mind, I suffered much anxiety, as very great responsibility was placed on me. Sometimes, from one cause and another, my sleep departed from me; though I was persuaded God would bless the work.

The work is now done; this your eyes have seen, and your ears heard; in this I do rejoice and will rejoice.

I wish you, as representatives of the Society, to satisfy yourselves, from friends and foes, relative to my conduct towards the mission for the last twentyfive years. You must be aware that many calumnies have been heaped upon me, and many things laid to my charge which I know not. My connection with the missionaries and the concerns of the mission has been purely of a religious nature, without any secular views or temporal interests; and my services whether they be great or small, were gratuitous.

The missionaries, as a body, are very valuable men, and as such I love them; but some of them, to whom I had been kind, have wounded me severely, both here and elsewhere. I have always found it difficult to manage religious men; what they state, though in a bad spirit, is generally believed by the Christian world.

I need not enter into the circumstances which urged me to purchase the *Queen Charlotte*, as you are in full possession of them; you are also acquainted with the reason why her expenses became so heavy, the fall of colonial produce more than twenty per cent. in so short a period, which no one could have anticipated at that time, and the increased duty of one hundred per cent. upon tobacco. If these two circumstances had not occurred, there would have been no loss to any individuals or the mission. I enclose the statement of the accounts of the *Queen Charlotte*, and shall leave the matter in your hands, to act as you think proper. I shall also leave the society to make their own account of the interest upon the £600 I borrowed. I have no doubt but the society will be satisfied that I had no motive but the good of the mission, and that, as Christian men who fear God, they will do what is just and right. I shall therefore leave the matter in your hands.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

Samuel Marsden.

While thus engaged, he was still a faithful minister of the Gospel in its richest consolations, and a bold opponent of vice. His position as a Magistrate obliged him not only to reprove but also to punish, sin. The task was difficult, when the real offender, in too many cases, was not the wretched culprit at the bar of justice, but some rich and insolent delinquent, beyond the reach of the limited powers of a colonial Magistrate. In consequence of Mr. Marsden's fearless conduct in a case we shall not describe, he was at length formally dismissed from the Magistracy. All that is necessary to be known, in order to vindicate his character, is contained in an extract of a letter written by himself to Mr. Nicholas, dated Parramatta, the 12th of August, 1824:

“My very dear sir,” he says, “I have still to strive against sin and immorality, which brings upon me the hatred of some men in power; this I must expect from those who live on in sin and wickedness… You would hear of the whole bench of Magistrates at Parramatta being dismissed at one stroke, five in number—Messrs…. and your humble servant. We fell in the cause of truth and virtue. If certain individuals could have knocked me down, and spared my colleagues, I should have fallen alone; but there was no alternative but to sacrifice all at once. I glory in my disgrace. As long as I live I hope to raise a standard against vice and wickedness. We have some Herods here who would take off the head of the man who dared to tell them that adultery was a crime.”

He was still subject to the most annoying insults. Imputations, ludicrous from their absurdity and violence, were heaped upon him. In reading the libels which were published in the colony, and in England, too, about this time, we should suppose that the man against whom they were aimed was some delinquent, notorious even in a penal settlement.

He was openly accused of being “a man of the most vindictive spirit,” “a turbulent and ambitious priest,” a “cruel Magistrate,” an “avaricious man.”

These charges, amongst many more, were contained in a work in two octavo volumes, professing to give an account of Australasia, which reached a third edition, and to which the author's name was attached. As if these were not sufficient to grind his reputation to the dust, further charges of hypocrisy and bigotry were thrown in. These last were easily repelled; to refute the others was more difficult, inasmuch as facts were involved which it was necessary to clear up and place in a just light before the public. It might have seemed magnanimous to despise such assailants, and meet them with silent pity. And yet we doubt whether such magnanimity would have been wise, for with a blemished reputation his usefulness would have been at an end; since his accusers were not anonymous hirelings, but Magistrates and men of high position in the colony.

He referred the matter to his friends at Home, placing his character in their hands. He was willing to institute an action for libel, if this step were thought advisable; or else to lay a statement of his wrongs before the House of Commons; and he transmitted the manuscript of a pamphlet, in self-justification, to his friend Dr. Mason Good. It was accompanied with a letter, remarkable for the modest estimate of his own abilities, as well as for true Christian meekness:—

I have requested our mutual friend, Baron Field, Esq., to show the documents to you, and to consult with you on the propriety of publishing them. I have much more confidence in your superior judgment than in my own…. Many hard contests I have had in this colony. But God has hitherto overruled all for good, and he will continue to do so. As a Christian I rejoice in having all manner of evil spoken of me by wicked men. As a member of society, it is my duty to support, by every lawful means, an upright character. The good of society calls upon me to do this, from the public situation I hold, as well as that Gospel which I believe; on this principle I think it right to notice Mr. W.'s work. I leave it to you and my other friends to publish what I have written or not, as you may think proper, and with what alterations and arrangements you may think necessary. I do not know how to make a book, any more

than a watch, but you have learned the trade completely; I therefore beg your assistance, for which I shall feel very grateful.

But even these anxieties could not engross his confidential correspondence. In the same letter we have pleasant mention of New Zealand and its missionaries:—"I have no doubt about New Zealand; we must pray much for them and labour hard, and God will bless the labour of our hands." Nor is science quite forgotten:—"I have sent you a small box of fossils and minerals, by Captain Dixon, of the *Phœnix*, from Point Dalrymple principally; the whole of them came from Van Diemen's Land."

Mr. Wilberforce and other friends of religion were consulted; and under their advice his pamphlet was published in London, though not till the year 1826. It is entitled, "An Answer to certain Calumnies, etc., by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, principal Chaplain to the Colony of New South Wales."

It contains a temperate, and at the same time a conclusive answer, to all the charges made against him. To some of these we have already had occasion to refer; others have lost their interest. The charge of hypocrisy was chiefly grounded on the fact that a windmill, on Mr. Marsden's property, had been seen at work on Sunday. But "the mill," he says, "was not in my possession at that time, nor was I in New South Wales. I never heard of the circumstance taking place but once; and the Commissioner of Inquiry was the person who told me of it after my return from New Zealand. I expressed my regret to the Commissioner that anything should have taken place, in my absence, which had the appearance that I sanctioned the violation of the Sabbath Day. As I was twelve hundred miles off at the time, it was out of my power to prevent what had happened; but I assured him it should not happen again, *for the mill should be taken down,* which was done. Very few, it is to be feared, would make such a sacrifice, simply to avoid the possibility of a return of the appearance of evil!"

The case of James Ring we cannot pass unnoticed. It shows the cruelty with which Mr. Marsden's reputation was assailed on the one hand, and his own firm and resolute bearing on the other. Ring was a convict, who for his general good conduct had been assigned as a domestic servant to Mr. Marsden. He was permitted by the latter, in accordance with the usual custom, to work occasionally at his own trade, that of a painter and glazier, on his own account, and as a reward for his good conduct. He was frequently employed in this way by the residents at Parramatta; amongst others by the Chief Magistrate himself. This man having been ill-treated and severely beaten by another servant, applied, with Mr. Marsden's approbation, to the Magistrates of Parramatta for redress; instead of receiving which, he was charged by them with being illegally at large, and committed to the common gaol.

Mr. Marsden was then absent on duty in the country: on appearing before the bench of Magistrates upon his return home, he at once stated that he had given permission to Ring to work occasionally for himself, and that therefore if there was any blame it lay with him, and not the prisoner. The Magistrates not only ordered Mr. Marsden to be fined two shillings and sixpence per day for each day his servant had been thus at large, under the assumed plea of his transgressing a General Government order, but also ordered Ring to be remanded to gaol and ironed; and he was subsequently worked in irons in a penal gang.

“At this conviction there was no informer, nor evidence,” (we are now quoting Mr. Marsden's words, from a statement which he made before a Court of Inquiry instituted by Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Minister at Home, to investigate the subject at Mr. Marsden's request), “but the bench convicted me on my own admission that I had granted indulgence to my servant to do jobs in the town. There were two convictions, the first was on the 17th of May, 1823. On the 23rd of the same month, without a hearing, or being present, without informer, evidence, or notice, on the same charge I was convicted in the penal sum of ten pounds. On the 7th of June, a convict constable entered my house with a warrant of execution, and levied the fine by distress and sale of my property.”

These convictions took place under an obsolete colonial regulation of 1802, made in the first instance by Governor King, to meet a temporary emergency; but virtually set aside by a general order of Governor Macquarie of a much later date, granting the indulgence under certain regulations, with which Mr. Marsden had complied.

Mr. Marsden says, in his official defence, that he “was the only person in the colony who was ever fined under such circumstances, since the first establishment of the colony, to the present time.” And he adds a statement which, had it not come down to us thus accredited, under his own hand, would have seemed incredible, namely that “the two Magistrates by whom the fines were inflicted, Dr.——and Lieut.——, were doing, on that very day, the same thing for which they fined me and punished my servant, and I pointed that out to them at the time they were sitting on the bench, and which they could not deny.” Denial, indeed, was out of the question, since, says Mr. Marsden, “one of Dr.—'s convict servants, Henry Buckingham, by trade a tailor, was working for me, and had been so for months. Lieut.——at that very time also had two convict servants belonging to Dr. Harris, working for him at his own house.”

After two years Lord Bathurst ordered the Governor of New South Wales to establish a formal inquiry into the case. A court was summoned at Sydney, before which Mr. Marsden appeared.

The whole affair was investigated, and the result was not only Mr. Marsden's entire acquittal of the charges which wantonness and malice had preferred, but the establishment of his reputation as a man of high courage and pure integrity, and a Christian minister of spotless character.

More than two years had now passed since Mr. Marsden's previous visit to New Zealand. The close of the year 1826 found him preparing for another, his fifth voyage, of 1200 miles, to the scene of those missions he had so long regarded with all a parent's fondness. A great change had just taken place in the conduct of several chiefs towards the missionaries in consequence of their fierce internecine wars.

At Whangaroa the whole of the Wesleyan missionary premises had been destroyed; the property of all the missionaries was frequently plundered, and their lives were exposed to the greatest danger. The worst consequences were apprehended, and the missionaries, warned of their danger by the friendly natives, were in daily expectation of being at least stripped of everything they possessed, according to the New Zealand custom. For a time the Wesleyan mission was suspended, and their

pious and zealous missionary, Mr. Turner, took refuge at Sydney, and found a home at the parsonage at Parramatta.

As soon as the painful intelligence reached New South Wales, Mr. Marsden determined to proceed to the Bay of Islands, and use his utmost exertions to prevent the abandonment of the mission. He was under no apprehension of suffering injury from the natives; and his long acquaintance with their character and habits led him to anticipate that the storm would soon pass away. Accordingly, he sailed for New Zealand in H.M.S. *Rainbow*, and arrived in the Bay of Islands on the 5th of April, 1827.

He had reached the period of life when even the most active crave for some repose, and feel themselves entitled to the luxury of rest; but his ardent zeal never seems to have wanted other refreshment than a change of duties and of scene.

He found the state of things improved; peace had been restored; and the missionaries were once more out of danger. He conferred with them, and gave them spiritual counsel. As far as time would permit, he reasoned with the chiefs upon the baneful consequences of the late war, and, at the end of five days from his arrival, he was again upon the ocean, on his way back to Sydney. "He was not wanted in New Zealand"; in Australia, besides domestic cares, many circumstances combined to make his presence desirable. Thus he was instant in season, out of season; disinterested, nay indifferent and utterly regardless of the honours and preferments which even good men covet; and ever finding in the work itself, and in Him for the love of whom it was undertaken, an abundant recompense.

Brief as the visit was, it confirmed his faith, and reassured his confidence in the speedy conversion of New Zealand. He found the missionaries living in unity and godly love, and devoting themselves to the work. "I trust," he says, "that the Great Head of the Church will bless their labours." In consequence of his co-operation with the missionaries, the beneficial labours of the Press now for the first time reached the Maori tribes. During a visit to Sydney, Mr. Davis had carried through the Press a translation of the first three chapters of Genesis, the twentieth of Exodus, part of the fifth of Matthew, the first of John, and some hymns. These were small beginnings, but not to be despised; they prepared the way for the translation of the New Testament into Maori, which was printed a few years afterwards at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The importance of this work can scarcely be estimated, and it affords a striking example of the way in which that noble institution becomes the silent handmaid, to prepare the rich repast which our various missionary societies are evermore distributing abroad, with bounteous hand, to feed the starving myriads of the heathen world.

Chapter X.

The shadows of evening now began to fall on him whose life had hitherto been full of energy, and to whom sickness appears to have been a stranger. He had arrived at the period when early friendships are almost extinct, and the few who survive are dropping into the grave.

He was still subject to the persecutions of "unreasonable and wicked men," and was again compelled to vindicate his conduct in a pamphlet, which issued from the Press at Sydney, in 1828. Transmitting a copy to his friend, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, he says: "I consider myself a proscribed person these last few years. All the charges against me are contained in this pamphlet. My public offences, my illegal acts, the charges against me for inflicting torture to extort confession, for which I have been condemned unheard and suffered as guilty. What an ungodly world may think or say of me is of little moment; but I do not wish to lose the good opinion of my Christian friends, and fall in their estimation."

He returns to the subject in his correspondence with other Christian friends; for the apprehension that in him the cause of religion might seem to have received a wound, lay heavy on his mind. "I should feel much," he says, writing to Mr. D. Coates, lay secretary of the Church Missionary Society, "if the cause of religion should suffer in my personal conduct; but I hope it will not. I hope I have said enough to satisfy the Christian world that I am clear in this matter. To justify my public conduct was an act due to my family and to all my Christian friends, as well as the general interests of religion."

Nor was it merely the breath of slander that assailed him; he mentions in a private letter to the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, an act of grievous wrong inflicted by the British Government. "I and my family were all struck off the public victualling books in the latter part of Governor Macquarie's administration, without any compensation. The Rev. R. Cartwright and the Rev. William Cowper, with their families, were also struck off from the public stores at the same time. They have both had their claims settled since Governor Darling arrived. One received £700, and the other more than £800; but I have received nothing. My claim is equally just, had I only served the same period as my colleagues, though I have served nearly twenty years longer than either of them. I can only attribute this act of injustice to some hostile feeling in the Colonial Office. Governor Darling has always shown me every attention I could wish."

The year 1830 found Mr. Marsden once more upon the ocean. Neither increasing years nor the vexations through which he had passed damped his ardour in the missionary cause. His mind was steadfastly fixed on the progress of the Gospel in New Zealand, and there he was anxious once more in person to assist in carrying on the work. He felt that his time was growing short, and hastened, "before his decease," to "set in order the things which were wanting."

He perceived, too, with mingled feelings, that New Zealand was about to undergo a great change. His efforts to induce the chiefs to unite under one head or sovereign elected by themselves had totally failed. Shunghie had been slain in battle, and his ambitious projects of gaining a New Zealand throne by conquest were at an end.

War was the natural condition of all the Maori tribes; and this, rendered more deadly, though possibly less ferocious, by the introduction of firearms, was fearfully thinning their numbers from year to year. They were subject, too, to periodical returns of a terrible scourge, a disease resembling the influenza, which cut off multitudes. On the whole, it was calculated that not more than a hundred thousand Maoris now survived; while twenty years before, when the island was first visited, the numbers were at

least two hundred thousand. * It was evident that they could not long maintain their independence as a nation.

* The total population of the Maoris at the census in 1911 was 49,844.

European ships began to crowd the Bay of Islands. English settlers were already making their way into the choice and fertile lands. To minds less sagacious than Mr. Marsden's, the result could be no longer doubtful—New Zealand must become an English colony. He foresaw the necessity, and, though at first with reluctance, cordially acquiesced in it, even for the sake of the Maoris themselves.

His concern now was to prepare them for a measure which must sooner or later take place. Everything was in a lawless state; the progress of the missions was greatly interrupted, and his presence was once more highly necessary. His own anxiety was great, first on behalf of the missions which had so long been the especial objects of his care; and then for New Zealand at large that the policy of Great Britain should respect the rights of the native tribes and pledge itself to their protection.

On his arrival in New Zealand, in March, 1830, he was greeted before the ship had cast anchor by the Messrs. Williams and others of the missionary band, who hastened on board, and expressed their joy at his unexpected appearance among them. It was a critical moment, for they were in greater anxiety and difficulty than they had experienced at any former period of the mission. The natives were at open war, and but a day or two before a great battle had been fought on the opposite beach of the Bay of Islands, in which about fourteen hundred had been engaged.

The alleged cause of the war was the misconduct of an English captain who had offered indignities to some native women on board his vessel. One tribe espoused his cause, while another came forward to avenge the insult. Six chiefs had fallen in the battle, and a hundred lives were lost; several whaling vessels were lying in the Bay, and their crews, as well as the missionary stations, were in the utmost peril from the revenge of the victorious tribe, which now lay encamped at Keri-Keri.

There was not an hour to be lost. Mr. Marsden crossed the bay with Mr. Henry Williams early the next morning, to visit the camp as a mediator. The chiefs, many of whom, from different parts of the island, formerly had been acquainted with Mr. Marsden, all expressed their gratification at meeting him again. After conversing with them on different points connected with proposals of peace, the two friendly mediators crossed over to the camp of their opponents, and entered at once on the subject of their mission. They spoke to them of the evils of war, and more particularly of the civil war in which they were engaged.

They heard all we had to say with great attention, and several of them replied to the different arguments we had used. They contended that we were answerable for the lives of those who had fallen in the battle, as the war had been occasioned by the misconduct of the captain of a vessel, one of our own countrymen; they wished to know what satisfaction we would give them for the loss of their friends who had been slain. We replied that we could give them no satisfaction, that we condemned his conduct, and were sorry that any of our countrymen had behaved so badly, and that we would write to England and prevent his return.

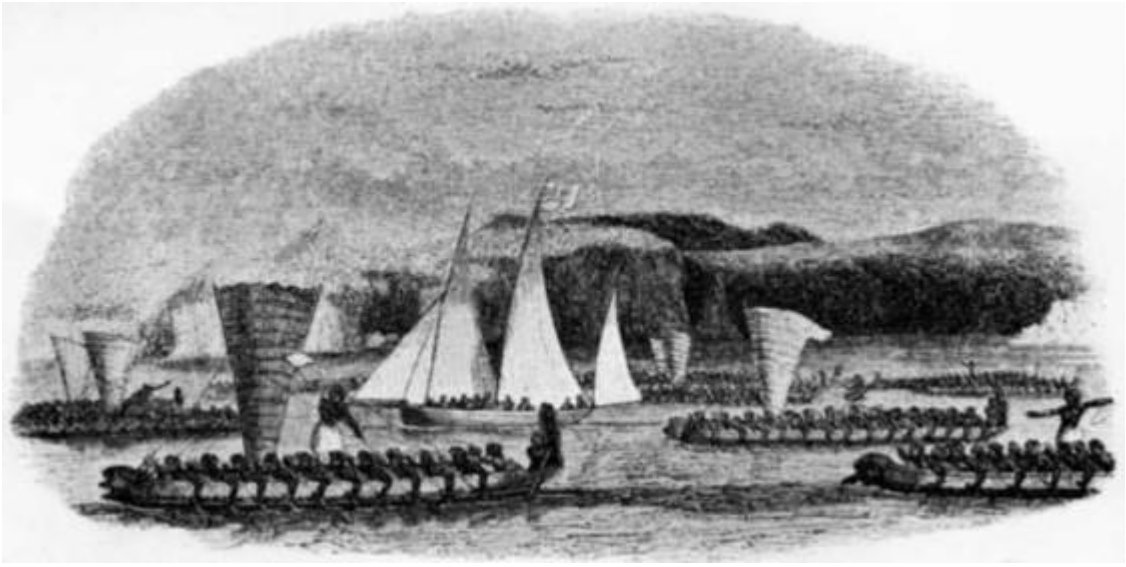
This the savages requested that Mr. Marsden would not do; they longed for his return, that they might take their own revenge. Mr. Marsden then proceeded to inforrm them that he had an interview with the chiefs on the other side, who were willing to come to terms of peace, and wished him to assist in settling their quarrel. This information was received in a friendly way by the greater part: one or two still wished to fight.

The mediators now returned to the beach, which they found covered with war canoes and armed men. A war council was held, and the Rev. Henry Williams stated the business upon which they had come amongst them. The natives listened attentively. Many of the chiefs gave their opinion in turn, with much force and dignity of address. These orations continued from an early hour in the morning till the shades of evening were closing. It was finally agreed that the mediating party should proceed the next morning to the opposite camp and repeat what had taken place. After a long discussion, it was concluded that two commissioners from each party should be appointed, along with Mr. Marsden and Mr. Williams, to conclude the terms of peace.

Having now urged all that was in their power to bring about a reconciliation, they walked over the ground where the battle had been fought: a dreadful scene under any circumstances, unutterably loathsome, where cannibals were the contending parties. “The remains of some of the bodies that had been slain were lying unconstrained on the fires; the air was extremely offensive, and the scene most disgusting. We could not but bitterly lament these baneful effects of sin, and the influence of the prince of darkness over the minds of the poor heathen.”

The next day was Sunday. It was spent by Mr. Williams at the camp, for it was not considered safe at present to leave the savage warriors, whose angry passions smouldered. Mr. Marsden proceeded to the station and preached to the infant Church. Never was the Gospel of Christ placed in finer contrast with the kingdom of darkness, and the appalling tyranny of the god of this world. Mr. Marsden's pen thus describes the scene as he sketched it upon the spot:

The contrast between the state of the east and west side of the bay was very striking. Though only two miles distant, the east shore was crowded with different tribes of fighting men in a wild savage state, many of them nearly naked, and when exercising entirely naked; nothing was to be heard but the firing of muskets, the noise, din, and commotion of a savage military camp; some mourning the death of their friends, others suffering from their wounds, and not one but whose mind was involved in heathen darkness without one ray of Divine knowledge. On the other side was the pleasant sound of the Church-going bell; the natives assembling together for Divine Worship, clean, orderly and decently dressed, most of them inEuropean clothing; they were carrying the litany and the greatest part of the Church Service, written in their own language, in their hands with their hymns. The Church Service, as far as it has been translated, they can write and read. Their conduct and the general appearance of the whole settlement reminded me of a well-regulated English country parish. In the chapel, the natives behaved with the greatest propriety, and joined in the Church Service. Here might be viewed at one glance the blessings of the Christian religion, and the miseries of heathenism with respect to the present life; but when we extend one thought over the eternal world how infinite is the difference!”



A Maori War Expedition.

These were trying times undoubtedly. The missions had existed fifteen years, and yet the powers of darkness raged in all the horrors of cannibal warfare, close to the doors of the missionary premises. On the following Tuesday morning, Mr. Marsden was aroused from his bed by a chief calling at his window to tell him that the army was in motion, and that a battle seemed to be at hand. He rose immediately and was informed that thirty-six canoes had been counted passing between the mainland and the island.

He immediately launched the missionary boat and proceeded to meet them. “When we came up to them we found they had left their women and children on the island, and that they were all fighting men, well armed and ready for action in a moment's notice. I counted more than forty men in one war canoe.” Yet amongst these infuriated savages the missionaries felt no alarm. “We were under no apprehension of danger; both parties placed the utmost confidence in us, and we were fully persuaded the commissioners would be cordially received.”

If the event had turned out otherwise Mr. Marsden and his friends had notice given them by the native commissioners, of whom we have spoken, that they would be seen alive no more. “The three native commissioners accompanied us in a small canoe which they paddled themselves. They brought their canoe between our two boats, and in that position we approached the beach. They told us if they were killed, we must be given up to their friends as a sacrifice for the loss of their lives.”

The missionaries' confidence was not misplaced. “The whole day was spent in deliberation; at night, after a long oration, the great chief on one side clove a stick in two to signify that his anger was broken. The terms of peace were ratified, and both sides joined in a hideous war dance together; repeatedly firing their muskets. We then took our departure from these savage scenes with much satisfaction, as we had attained the object we were labouring for.”

Such scenes did not for an instant disturb the firm faith and confidence of the great missionary leader. Coming from the midst of them he could sit down in the missionary hut and write as follows:

The time will come when human sacrifices and cannibalism shall be annihilated in New Zealand, by the pure, mild and heavenly influence of the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The work is great, but Divine Goodness will find both the means and the instruments to accomplish his own gracious purposes to fallen man. His Word, which is the Sword of the Spirit, is able to subdue these savage people to the obedience of faith. It is the duty of Christians to use the means, to sow the seed and patiently to wait for the heavenly dews to cause it to spring up, and afterwards to look up to God in faith and prayer to send the early and latter rain."

Even now the "day-spring from on high" had visited this savage race. In no part of the world was the Sabbath Day more sacredly observed than by the converts in the missionary settlements; their lives gave evidence that their hearts were changed. Spiritual religion, deep and earnest, began to show its fruit in some of them; others were at least much impressed with the importance of eternal things.

Mr. Marsden was waited upon one evening by several native young men and women who wished to converse on religious subjects; when they came in their anxious countenances explained the inward working of their minds; their object was to know what they must do to be saved. He endeavoured to set before them the love of Jesus in coming from heaven to die for a ruined world, and mentioned many instances of His love and mercy which He showed to sinners while on earth.

"When I had addressed them at some length," he adds, "a young native woman began to pray. I never heard any address offered up to heaven with such feelings of reverence, and piety, so much sweetness and freedom of expression, with such humility and heavenly mindedness. I could not doubt but that this young woman prayed with the Spirit, and with the understanding. She prayed fervently that God would pardon her sins and preserve her from evil; and for all the natives in the room, that they might all be preserved from falling into the temptations by which they were surrounded. Her very soul seemed to be swallowed up with the sense she had of the evil and danger of sin, and the love of Jesus, who came to save sinners. Her voice was low, soft and harmonious; her sentences were short and expressed in the true spirit of prayer. I never expected to have seen, in my day, any of the natives of this barbarous nation offering up their supplications for pardon and grace, to the only true God, with such godly sorrow and true contrition."

Amongst the audience in the room were the aged widow and two daughters of the great Shunghie. When they rose from their knees the ex-queen exclaimed, "Astonishing, astonishing!" and then retired;" and I confess," adds Mr. Marsden, "I was not less astonished than she was." The young woman, he learned, had for some time lived upon the mission premises, and conducted herself in all respects as a Christian, adorning the Gospel she professed.

A few days after, we find Mr. Marsden "marrying an Englishman to a native Christian woman, who repeated the responses very correctly in English, which she well understood; she conducted herself with the greatest propriety, and appeared

neatly dressed in European clothing of her own making, for she was a good seamstress." Mr. Marsden considered, he says, this marriage to be of the first importance; and the New Zealanders appear to have been of the same mind, and to have done due honour to the occasion, for "the company came in a war canoe and brought their provisions with them, a pig and plenty of potatoes."

Shortly afterwards, he united a young native man and woman in marriage. They were both Christians, domestic servants to Mr. Clarke, one of the missionaries, and seemed to have a great affection for each other. The young man was free and of a good family; the young woman was a slave, having become such by capture, for all their prisoners of war, if not massacred, were reduced to slavery. Mr. Clarke therefore redeemed her from her master, for five blankets, an axe, and an iron pot. A chief seldom allowed any of his female slaves to marry, always reserving a number of them as wives for himself. We must therefore suppose that the price was a very liberal one.

The effects of Christianity were now apparent in some favoured spots, and Mr. Marsden returned home again full of hope and consolation. He had witnessed already changes far greater than he had ever hoped to see, sanguine as he was of ultimate success. So confident was he in the good feeling of the natives towards himself, that he had taken one of his daughters with him, and she accompanied him in his visits to the chiefs, one of whom, known by the title of King George, demanded her in marriage for his son, "an honour," writes her father, "which I begged permission to decline."

Fearful, indeed, had been the condition of females hitherto amongst these savages, as the following extract, with which we conclude our notice of Mr. Marsden's sixth visit to New Zealand, sufficiently attests. He is describing the great change which Christianity had effected among the New Zealanders:—

On one of my former visits to New Zealand, sitting in the room I am at present in, the natives killed and ate a poor young woman just behind the house. But what a wonderful change the Gospel has wrought! In this little spot, where so late hellish songs were sung and heathen rites performed, I now hear the songs of Zion, and the voice of prayer offered up to the God of heaven. So wonderful is the power of God's word.

He returned home greatly cheered and well qualified "to comfort others with the comforts wherewith" he himself "was comforted of God."

In 1835, Mrs. Marsden died. She had long been patiently looking forward to her great change, and her end was full of peace. Years had not abated his love for his "dear partner"; so he always called her when, after her decease, he had occasion to speak of her. He showed her grave, in sight of his study window, with touching emotion to his friends, and felt himself almost released from earth and its attractions when she had left it.

His own increasing infirmities had led him to anticipate that he should be first removed, and, the parsonage house being his only by a life tenure, he had built a comfortable residence for Mrs. Marsden, which, however, she did not live to occupy.

By this bereavement he was himself led to view the last conflict as near at hand. Henceforward it constantly occupied his mind, and formed at times the chief subject of his conversation. He sometimes spoke of it amongst his friends with a degree of calmness, and at the same time with such a deep sense of its nearness and reality, as to excite their apprehensions as well as their astonishment. He stood on the verge of eternity and gazed into it with a tranquil eye, and spoke of what he saw with the composure of one who was "now ready to be offered, and the time of whose departure was at hand," his last text before he had quitted New Zealand.

Yet he was not at all times equally serene. Returning one day from a visit to a dying bed, he called at the residence of a brother minister, the Rev. R. Cartwright, in a state of some dejection. He entered on the subject of death with feeling, and expressed some fears with regard to his own salvation. Mr. Cartwright remarked upon the happiness of himself and his friend as being both so near to their eternal rest, to which Mr. Marsden seriously replied with emphasis: "But Mr. Cartwright, *if* I am there."

"If, Mr. Marsden?" rejoined his friend. surprised at the doubt implied. The aged disciple then brought forward several passages of Scripture bearing upon the deep responsibility of the ministerial office coupled with his own unworthiness: "Lest I myself should be a castaway"; "if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end"; remarking on his own sinfulness,—every thing he had done being tainted with sin,—on his utter useless-ness, and contrasting all this with the holiness and purity of God.

At another time, coming from the factory after a visit to a dying woman, and deeply impressed with the awfulness of a dying hour in the case of one who was unprepared to die, he repeated in a very solemn manner some lines from Blair's once celebrated poem on the grave—

"In that dread moment how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain. How wistfully she looks
On all she is leaving; now no longer hers.
A little longer, yet a little longer. Oh! might she stay
To wash away her crimes, and fit her for her passage."

He then spoke on the plan of salvation and the grace offered by the Gospel with great feeling.

The holiness and purity of God appeared at times to overwhelm his soul; contrasting it, as he did, with his own sinfulness, and viewing it in connection with the fact that he must soon stand before His awful presence. Yet he speedily recovered his habitual peace, recalling the blessed truth that "there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." He was still on the whole a most cheerful Christian, joying and rejoicing in the hope of a blessed immortality. And as he drew near his journey's end his prospects were still brighter and his peace increased.

Chapter XI.

History affords but few examples of a change such as New South Wales had undergone since Mr. Marsden landed from a convict ship in the penal settlement of Botany Bay in the year 1794. The gold fields had not yet disclosed their wealth, nor did he live to see the stupendous consequences which resulted from their discovery in 1851, the rush of European adventurers, and the sudden transformation of the dismal solitudes of Bendigo and Ballarat into the abode of thousands of restless, enterprising men, with all the attendant circumstances, both good and evil, of civilized life.

But Australia was already a vast colony; in almost everything except the name, an empire, self-supporting, and with regard to its internal affairs, self-governed, though still under the mild control, borne with loyalty and pride, of the English Sovereign. The state of society was completely changed. For many years, the stream of emigration had carried to the fertile shores of Australia not the refuse of the gaols, but some of the choicest of our population; the young, the intelligent, the enterprising, and the high principled, who sought for a wider field of action, or disdained to live at Home, useless to society, and a burden to their relatives. Large towns, such as Sydney, Geelong, and Melbourne, with their spacious harbours crowded with shipping, were already in existence, and English settlers had covered with their flocks those inland plains which long after Mr. Marsden's arrival still lay desolate and unexplored.

The religious condition of Australia was no less changed. All denominations were now represented by a ministry, and accommodated in places of worship not at all inferior to those at Home. The Church of England had erected Sydney into a bishopric, of which the pious and energetic Archdeacon Broughton was the first incumbent, and the number of the colonial clergy had been greatly increased; under all these influences the tone of social morality was improved, and real spiritual religion won its triumphs in many hearts.

Mr. Marsden was now released from those official cares and duties as senior chaplain which once so heavily pressed upon him. Beyond his own parish of Parramatta his ministerial labours did not necessarily extend, and in his parish duties he had the efficient aid of his son-in-law and other coadjutors.

The one spot on which no cheering ray seemed to fall, the sterile field which after years of laborious cultivation yielded no return, was the native population, the aborigines of New South Wales.

The progress of humanity and righteousness was very slow, and Mr. Marsden did not live to see equal justice, not to speak of Gospel truth or English liberty, carried to the Australian aborigines. In the very year of his death, an effort was made by the Attorney-General of the colony to pass a Bill to enable the Courts of Justice to receive the evidence of the blacks, hitherto inadmissible.

Mr. Marsden was now seventy-two years of age. On every side the friends of his youth were falling, and he was bowed down with bodily infirmities, the natural

consequence of a life of toil. He often pointed to an aged tree which grew in sight of his windows, as an emblem of himself. It had once stood in the middle of a thick wood, surrounded on all sides with fine timber, which the waste of years and the ruthless axe had levelled; now it stood alone, exposed to every blast, its branches broken off, its trunk decayed and its days numbered.

Yet he resolved to pay another, his seventh, and, as it proved, his last, visit to New Zealand. It was thought by his friends that he would never live to return. His age and infirmities seemed to unfit him for any great exertion of either mind or body; but having formed the resolution, nothing could now deter him, or divert him from it.

He sailed on the 9th of February, 1837, in the *Pyramus*, accompanied by his youngest daughter, and he seemed to be cheered by the reflection that if he died upon his voyage he would die in his harness and upon the battle field on which God had chosen him to be a leader.

And yet his sturdy spirit scarcely bowed itself to such misgivings. As on former visits, he had no sooner landed than his whole soul was invigorated by scenes from which most others would have shrunk. He landed on the western side of the island, at the River Hokianga, and remained amongst the Wesleyan missionaries for about a fortnight, after which he crossed over to the Bay of Islands, carried part of the way in a litter by the natives.

In this way he visited the whole of the missionary stations in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Islands, as well as Kaitaia. On the arrival of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, he accompanied Captain Hobson, afterwards Governor of New Zealand, to the River Thames, and the East Cape, returning at length to Sydney in that ship, where he arrived on the 27th of July after an absence of five months. When entering the heads of Port Jackson, one of the officers of the ship observed: “I think, Mr. Marsden, you may look upon this as your last visit to New Zealand”; upon which he replied: “No, I don't, for I intend to be off again in about six weeks; the people in the colony are becoming too fine for me now. I am too old to preach before them, but I can talk to the New Zealanders.”

Of this, his last visit, we must give some account. Captain Livesay of the *Pyramus*, in a valuable letter to Mr. Nicholas, has given some interesting reminiscences of his passenger:—

Devonport, November 29th, 1837.

My Dear Sir,—… I looked forward to meeting you with inexpressible delight, to talk about our much esteemed friend Mr. Marsden, and compare notes about New Zealand; but we are born to disappointment, although I shall still look forward to have that pleasure on my return to England.

The Marsden Cross, Oihi, Bay of Islands.

From the last account I had of Mr. Marsden, previous to my quitting New Zealand, I was informed that the trip had done him much good. When he left the ship, and indeed when I last saw him, which was a month afterwards, he used to walk with a great stoop; he was then able to walk upright, and take considerable exercise. The dear old man! it used to do my heart good to see his pious zeal in his Master's cause. Nothing ever seemed a trouble to him. He was always calm and cheerful, even under intense bodily suffering. His daughter Martha was a very great comfort to him; she was constantly with him, and very affectionate in her attentions. I did hope my next voyage would have been to New South Wales, that I might have the pleasure of seeing him once more, should God have spared him so long; but that thought must now be given up.

Mr. Marsden's record of his farewell visit was probably not kept with his former accuracy; but the want is well supplied by the interesting journal of his daughter, some extracts from which the reader will peruse with pleasure. We have the whole scene placed before us by her graceful pen, and we gain some glimpses into her father's character, which we should certainly not have gathered from his own modest self-forgetting memoranda.

February 12th, Sunday.—Had service on deck. The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson read prayers, and my father preached. The sailors were very attentive; the service was truly interesting from its novelty and the impressiveness of the scene; nothing around us but the wide waste of waters.

13th.—At the suggestion of Captain L——, reading in the evenings was introduced. We began the History of Columbus, by Washington Irving, and the arrangement is that we are to read by turns."

The weather proved boisterous, and it was not before the 21st that they made the land.

22nd.—Up early on deck to view the land, which presented a very bold and romantic appearance. Not being able to obtain a pilot, the captain determined, lest he should

lose the tide, Hokianga being a bar harbour, to take the vessel in himself. The dead lights were put in, and every arrangement made as we approached the bar. Not a voice was heard but that of the captain and the two men in the chains, heaving the lead. Every sailor was at his station, and the anchors in readiness to let go at a moment's warning. We sounded as shallow as "a quarter less four," when the ladies became alarmed, though we were obliged to keep our fears to ourselves, as the gentlemen very politely left us. The wind being light, the fear was the breakers would have overtaken the ship, thrown her upon her beam ends, and rendered her unmanageable; but providence guided and preserved us.

I seldom remember a more beautiful scene; the moon is near its full, and the banks of the river are very high, covered with the most luxuriant foliage. We were so delighted with the scenery that we would willingly have stayed up all night. As we proceeded up, the mountains appeared to lessen into hills. Several native hamlets, and two or three residences of Europeans, show that the busy hand of man has been engaged in the work of redeeming the wilderness from the wild dominion of Nature. Anchored near the Wesleyan mission station, where we were kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Turner. The mission here has been established nearly nine years; they have a neat chapel and one or two comfortable houses, and are about to form an additional station. The missionaries related several instances of the melancholy death of various New Zealanders who have opposed the progress of the mission. One chief became so incensed against the "Atua,"* for the death of his child, that he formed a circle of gunpowder, placed himself in the centre, and fired it. The explosion did not immediately destroy him; he lingered a few weeks in dreadful agony, and then died.

Saturday.—The natives are coming in great numbers to attend Divine Worship. Mr. Turner preached and afterwards my father addressed them. They listened with earnest attention, and were much pleased. Many of the old chiefs were delighted to see my father, and offered to build him a house if he would remain. One said: "Stay with us and learn our language, and then you will become our father and our friend, and we will build you a house." "No," replied another, "we cannot build a house good enough, but we will hire Europeans to do it for us."

The whole congregation joined in the responses and singing, and though they have not the most pleasing voices, yet it was delightful to hear them sing one of the hymns commencing "From Egypt lately come."

* The god or demon.

The journey across from Hokianga to the Waimate, as described by Miss Martha Marsden, shows, in the absence of railroads and steam carriages, an agreeable if not expeditious mode of conveyance:—

Took leave of Mrs. Turner; and, mounted in a chair on the shoulders of two New Zealanders, I headed the procession. My father, Mr. Wilkinson, and the two children, were carried in "kaw-shores,"* or native biers, on which they carry their sick. We entered a forest of five miles, then stopped to dine. The natives soon cooked their potatoes, corn, etc., in their ovens, which they scoop in the sand, and after heating a number of stones, the potatoes are put in, covered with grass and leaves, and a quantity of water poured upon them; they were exquisitely steamed. As I approached

one of the groups sitting at dinner, I was much affected by seeing one of them get up and ask a blessing over the basket of potatoes.

* Kauhoa, a litter in which persons were carried.

Five miles from Waimate I left my chair, mounted on horseback, and reached Waimate for breakfast. Old Nini accompanied us the whole way, and told my father if he attempted to ride he would leave him. The natives carried him the whole way with the greatest cheerfulness, and brought him through the most difficult places with the greatest ease. The distance they carried him was about twenty miles.

The state of all the missions with regard to their spiritual work was now full of hope. Of the Wesleyan mission Mr. Marsden himself reports:—

I found that many were inquiring after the Saviour, and that a large number attended public worship. The prospect of success to the Church of England Mission is very great. Since my arrival at the missionary station I have not heard one oath spoken by European or native; the schools and church are well attended, and the greatest order is observed among all classes. I met with many wherever I went, who were anxious after the knowledge of God. Wherever I went I found some who could read and write. They are all fond of reading, and there are many who never had an opportunity of attending the schools who, nevertheless, can read. They teach one another in all parts of the country, from the North to the East Cape.

The native tribes were still at war with one another, and with the European settlers. From the missionary station at Paihia Mr. Marsden's daughter counted one morning twenty-one canoes passing up the bay. A battle followed, which she witnessed at a distance, and the Europeans all around fled to the missionary station. In the engagement three chiefs fell. A second fight occurred soon afterwards. “We have heard firing all day,” she writes; “many have been killed; we saw the canoes pass down the river containing the bodies of the slain.”

Mr. Marsden himself was absent on a visit to the southward, or his presence might possibly have prevented these scenes of blood.

Wherever the venerable man appeared, he was received by the converted natives with Christian salutations and tears of joy; the heathen population welcomed him with the firing of muskets and their rude war dances. Wherever he went, he was greeted with acclamations as the friend and father of the New Zealanders. One chief sat down upon the ground before him gazing upon him in silence, without moving a limb or uttering a single word for several hours. He was gently reproved by Mr. Williams for what seemed a rudeness. “Let me alone,” said he, “let me take a last look; I shall never see him again.”

“One principal chief,” writes Mr. Marsden, “who had embraced the Gospel and been baptized, accompanied us all the way. We had to travel about forty miles, by land and water. He told me he was so unhappy at Hokianga that he could not get to converse with me from the crowds that attended, and that he had come to Waimate to speak with me. I found him to be a very intelligent man, and anxious to know the way to heaven.”

While at Kaitaia he held a constant levee, sitting in an arm-chair, in an open field, before the mission-house; it was attended by upwards of a thousand Maoris, who poured in from every quarter; many coming a distance of twenty or thirty miles, contented to sit down and gaze on his venerable features; and so they continued to come and go till his departure. With his characteristic kindness and good nature he presented each with a pipe and fig of tobacco; and when he was to embark at last, they carried him to the ship, a distance of six miles, upon their shoulders in a sort of easy chair.

Before leaving New Zealand, he wrote to the Church Missionary Society an account which glows with pious exultation, describing the success with which the Head of the Church had at length been pleased to bless the labours of his faithful servants. Since his arrival, he says, he had visited many of the stations within the compass of a hundred miles. It was his intention to visit all of them, from the North to the East Cape; but from the disturbed state of the country "it was not considered prudent for him to go to the south," where he still contemplated further efforts "when the country should be more settled in its political affairs."

He had "observed a wonderful change: those portions of the sacred Scriptures which had been printed have had a most astonishing effect; they are read by the natives in every place where I have been; the natives teach one another, and find great pleasure in the word of God, and carry that sacred treasure with them wherever they go. Great numbers have been baptized, both chiefs and their people."

He had met with some very pious chiefs, who refused to share in the present war, and avowed their resolution to fight no more. One of them, at his own cost, had built a chapel, or place of public worship, which was visited by the missionaries. In this he himself taught a school, assisted by his son. "Waimate, once the most warlike district in the island, is now," he says, "the most orderly and moral place I was ever in. My own mind has been exceedingly gratified by what I have seen and heard."

Old age, it seems, is not always querulous; its retrospects are not always in favour of the past; the aged Christian walks with a more elastic step as he sees the fruit of his labour, and anticipates his own great reward. "Mine eyes," he concludes, "are dim with age like Isaac's; it is with some difficulty I can see to write."

Nor had the weakness and credulity of advancing years led him to take for granted, as in second childhood old age is wont to do, the truth of first impressions, or the accuracy of every man's reports. He still gave to every subject connected with missions the closest attention, penetrated beneath the surface, and formed his own conclusions. While in New Zealand, for instance, he addressed the following queries to the Rev. J. Matthews, one of the missionaries, on the subject of education:—

April, 1837.

… I will thank you to return me what number of native young men there are employed from your station on the Sabbath in visiting the natives, I mean the numbers who occasionally visit their countrymen and instruct them. What schools there are at the station, and who are the teachers? Have you an infant school, or a school for men and boys? A school for women? What do they learn? Do they learn to

read and write? Do they understand figures? Have they renounced generally their former superstitions? At what period of the day do they attend school? Have they any meeting in the week-days for prayer and religious instruction? Do they appear to have any views of the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour? Any information you can give me, along with your brethren, will be very acceptable to the lovers of the Gospel in New South Wales.

Samuel Marsden.

After describing the happy state of the Christian settlement at Waimate, Mr. Marsden goes on to say:—

On the opposite side of the harbour, a number of Europeans have settled along with the natives. Several keep public-houses, and encourage every kind of crime. Here drunkenness, adultery, murder, etc., are committed. There are no laws, judges, nor magistrates; so that Satan maintains his dominion without molestation. Some civilized Government must take New Zealand under its protection, or the most dreadful evils will be committed by runaway convicts, sailors and publicans. There are no laws here to punish crimes. When I return to New South Wales, I purpose to lay the state of New Zealand before the colonial Government, to see if anything can be done to remedy these public evils.

"I hope in time," he says again, in a letter, dated the 16th of May, 1837, from Paihia, to Mr. Matthews, "the chiefs will get a Governor. I shall inform the Europeans in authority how much they are distressed in New Zealand for want of a Governor with power to punish crime. The Bay of Islands is now in a dreadful state It is my intention to return to New South Wales by the first opportunity."

That opportunity soon appeared, and the venerable founder of its missions, the advocate of its native population, the friend of all that concerned its present or spiritual welfare, took his last leave of the shores of New Zealand.

Preparations were made for his reception on board H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*. The signal gun was fired, and all the friends from Waimate and Keri-Keri arrived to accompany their revered father to the beach, "Where," says one of them who was present, "like Paul at Miletus, we parted with many benedictions: sorrowing most of all that we should see his face again no more. Many could not bid him adieu. The parting was with many tears."

His happy temperament always diffused pleasure and conciliated friendship. On board the *Rattlesnake* he was welcomed with warm, affectionate respect. Captain Hobson knew his worth, and felt honoured by his company. The chaplain of the *Rattlesnake*[*] noted down an affecting conversation with the aged minister upon his voyage:—

[*] The *Rattlesnake* had no chaplain. The clergyman who was Mr. Marsden's fellow-passenger was the Rev. A. N. Brown, afterwards Archdeacon of Tauranga, from whose journal this extract was made.

We enjoyed a most lovely evening. I had a long conversation with Mr. Marsden on deck. He spoke of almost all his old friends having preceded him to the eternal world; Romaine, Newton, the Milners, Scott, Atkinson, Robinson, Buchanan, Mason Good, Thomason, Rowland Hill, Legh Richmond, Simeon, and others. He then alluded in a very touching manner to his late wife; they had passed, he observed, more than forty years of their pilgrimage through this wilderness in company, and he felt their separation the more severely as the months rolled on. I remarked that their separation would be but for a short period longer. "God grant it," was his reply; then lifting his eyes towards the moon, which was peacefully shedding her beams on the sails of our gallant bark, he exclaimed with intense feeling:

"Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day."

Russell, Bay of Islands (the scene of Mr. Marsden's work in New Zealand), at the present time.

Chapter XII.

Mr. Marsden had now passed the allotted span of human life, though his days were not yet "labour and sorrow."

Entering upon his seventy-second year with stooping gait and failing eyesight and a decaying memory he had otherwise few of the mental infirmities of age. He was still a perfect stranger to fear, as well as to that nervous restlessness and susceptibility which wears the appearance of it, though often found, as may be daily observed, in connection with the truest courage.

After his return home from his last voyage he was attacked, when driving with his youngest daughter, upon one of his excursions in the bush by two famous bushrangers, Wormley and Webber, part of a gang who for two years kept the whole country in a state of terror. One of the ruffians presented a loaded pistol at his breast

and another at his daughter's, threatening with horrid imprecations to shoot them both if they said a word, and bidding his daughter to empty her father's pockets into their hands.

Perfectly undismayed, Mr. Marsden remonstrated with them on their wicked course of life, telling them at last that he should soon see them again, he had no doubt, on the gallows. At parting, though charged with the usual threats not to look behind him, he turned round, and continued, while they were in sight, to warn them in the same strain of the certain consequences of a life of crime. His admonition was soon verified; the wretched men were apprehended for other outrages and sentenced to death, and he attended them from the condemned cell to the place of execution.

These excursions into the country around Parramatta, where he had gone about for a period of nearly forty years doing the work of an evangelist or home missionary, were continued to the last. To wind through devious paths in the bush in his one-horse chaise, where his good horse Major seemed as if trained to penetrate, gave him the highest pleasure. The way was often trackless, and he was obliged to ask his companion whether the trace of a cartwheel could be seen. Yet there was an instinctive feeling of safety in his company, and a refreshment in his conversation, which always made the vacant seat in the gig prized by those who knew and loved him.

“As he drove along,” says a Christian lady, who was his companion on some of his last journeys,” wherever he went there was always to be found some testimony to that goodness and mercy which had followed him all the days of his life. Some Ebenezer he could raise where he had helped, perhaps, in an encounter with a bushranger, having only the Sword of the Spirit with which to defend himself and disarm his foe, or some Bethel, it might be, where like Jacob he had been enabled to wrestle and prevail. With such a companion no one could be a loser. On these excursions, no matter to what distance, he seemed to think preparations needless; he would travel miles and miles without any previous consideration for his own comfort or convenience. Even a carpet-bag was an encumbrance. He had been too long accustomed to make his toilet with the New Zealander, and take with him his meal of fern-root, to be particular, or to take thought what he should eat, or wherewithal should he be clothed.”

His love of the country and of rural scenes gave a strong colouring and great originality to his preaching as well as to his own religious character. He called his estate “The plains of Mamre.” This property had been presented to Mr. Marsden in the early days of the colony, when land uncleared was absolutely worthless, to eke out his insufficient stipend. It had now become valuable, and he was exposed both in the colony and in England to many unjust remarks, even from those who should have known him better, on the score of his reputed wealth.

His own justification of himself is more than sufficient. Being told that he was charged with avarice, “Why,” said he, “they might as well find fault with Abraham, whose flocks and herds multiplied. Abraham never took any trouble about it, nor do I. I can't help their increasing”; and he added, a remark so true and of such pregnant import that it ought for ever to have put to silence this miserable carping: “It was not

for myself, but for the benefit of this colony and New Zealand, that I ever tried to promote agriculture or the improvement in sheep or cattle."

Had he done nothing else for Australia, his introduction of Merino sheep with a view to the growth of wool would have marked him down upon the roll of her greatest benefactors.

Through life his choicest topics in the pulpit had been the patriarchs, their lives and characters, but as he grew old, he seemed unconsciously to rank amongst their number; to fall into and become one of their own body, himself a Christian patriarch.

It was the frequent remark of his friends that he spoke of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, just as if he had lived in their times, heard their conversations, and been well acquainted with them.

It is much to be regretted that more full and accurate reports of his sermons and conversations should not have been kept. The truth and originality of his remarks would have made them invaluable. When seated in his chair on the lawn before his house, surrounded by his family and friends, his conversations took the prevailing turn of his mind, and he used to dwell on the incidents of patriarchal life with a depth of feeling and a power of picturesque description, and we would be glad if the memorials had not been allowed to perish.

At an examination of the grammar-school at Parramatta, the headmaster, the Rev. R. Forrest, his highly valued friend, having requested him to ask the boys some questions upon Scripture history, forgetting the business in hand, he broke out into a long and interesting address on patriarchal life and manners.

His old age exhibited some traits not always to be found, even in good men, after a long life passed among scenes of danger or amidst the hardening warfare of personal animosities.

Though to the last bold in reproving sin his real character was that of gentleness and the warmest social affection. None but the bad were ever afraid of him; on the contrary, his presence diffused a genial light and warmth in every company. Cruel savages and little children loved him alike; the wisest men gathered instruction from his lips, while they found pleasure in his simple courtesy and manly open-heartedness.

He brought home with him in the *Rattlesnake* from New Zealand several Maori youths. They seemed to love and respect their *Matua*,* as they called him, more than any one, or anything, besides. They used to run after his gig like joyous children, and to attempt to catch his eye as if to bask in the sunshine of his benevolent countenance."

* Parent.

"They delighted," says Mrs. B—, to whose manuscript dealing with Mr. Marsden's last years we are again indebted, "to come to our barrack apartments with him, always making their way to the bookcase first, take out a book and point upwards, as

if everybody who had anything to do with ‘Matua’ must have all their books leading to heaven. Pictures pleased them next; when they would direct one another's attention to what they considered worthy of notice, with extraordinary intelligence; but when the boiled rice and sweets made their appearance, they dug their elbows into one another's sides, with gesticulations of all sorts, and knowing looks, putting their fingers to their mouths, and laughing with greedy joy, Mr. Marsden all the time watching their movements and expressive faces, as a kind nurse would the gambols and frolics of her playful charge, saying with restrained but graceful emotion: ‘(Yes, sir, nothing like bringing the Gospel at once to the heathen. If “music charms the savage breast,” sir, why should not the sweetest sounds that ever met man's ear do more? Why, sir, the Gospel turns a worse than savage into a man, ay, and into a woman too.’ He then related to us the anecdote of a New Zealand woman who for the last remaining years of her life preached the Gospel among her own sex, having acknowledged to him that before he had brought the Word of God to New Zealand, and the Spirit applied it to her heart, she had killed and eaten nineteen children.”

His last communication to the Church Missionary Society, dated the 10th of December, 1837, and received after his death, is full of hope for his beloved New Zealanders: “I am happy to say the mission goes on well amidst every difficulty. I visited many places in my last voyage from the North Cape to Cloudy Bay. The Gospel has made a deep impression upon many of the natives, who now lead godly lives.”

The letter, which is written in a large and straggling hand, as though the pen was no longer under its usual firm control, concludes with these touching words: “I am now very feeble. My eyes are dim, and my memory fails me. I have done no duty on the Sabbath for some weeks through weakness. When I review all the way the Lord has led me through this wilderness I am constrained to say: ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul,’ etc.”

The innocent games of children pleased him to the last. When such meetings were more rare than they have now become, the children of the Parramatta school once a year assembled on his lawn, and then his happiness was almost equal to their own. In his own family, and amongst the children of his friends, he would even take his share in their youthful gambols, and join the merry party at blind man's bluff.

Though, as he said of himself, he “never sang a song in his life, for he learned to sing hymns when ten years old, and never sang anything else,” yet he was charmed with the sweet and hearty voices of children joining in some innocent little song, and it pleased him better still if it finished off with a noisy chorus. Yet all this was consistent with his character as a grave, wise old man. Though mirthful, he was never frivolous; in a moment, if occasion called for it, he was ready to discuss the most serious subjects, or to give his opinion upon matters of importance; and he had the enviable talent of mingling even pious conversation with the sports of children.

It was observed that though always unembarrassed in the presence of strangers whatever their rank or importance might be, he never seemed completely happy but in the company of persons of true piety.

He does not appear to have spoken very freely in ordinary society on the subject of personal religion, still less on the subject of his own experience; but his emotions were deep, and out of the fulness of the heart his lips would speak, in the midst of such a circle, of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

The sense of his own unworthiness seems to have been always present. Of all God's servants he might have been, as he verily thought himself to be, the most unprofitable; and when any circumstance occurred which led him to contrast the justice of God to others who were left to die impenitent with the mercy shown to himself, he spoke with a humiliation deeply affecting.

With scenes of vice and human depravity few men living were more conversant than he, yet to the last such was the delicacy of his conscience that the presence of vice shocked him as much as if the sight were new. "Riding down to the barracks one morning," says the lady whose narrative we have already quoted, "to invite Captain B——and myself that day to dinner to meet the Bishop, he had passed what, alas, used to be too frequent an object, a man lying insensible and intoxicated in the road. His usually cheerful countenance was saddened, and after telling us his errand, we could not but ask the cause of his distress. He gave us the unhappy cause, and turning his horse's head round to leave us, he uttered with deep emotion—

'Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room ?'

Throughout the day the subject dwelt upon his mind; after dinner the conversation turned to it, and he was casually asked who was the author of the hymn he had quoted in the morning. He shook his head and said, 'I cannot tell, perhaps it was Watts, or Wesley,' and several hymn books were produced in which the Bishop and others instituted a fruitless search, the Bishop at length saying: 'I can't find the hymn, Mr. Marsden.' 'Can't you, sir,' was the reply, 'that is a pity, for it is a good hymn, sir—says what the Bible says, free sovereign grace for poor sinners. No self-righteous man can get into heaven, sir; he would rather starve than take the free gift."

In the course of the day the conversation turning upon New Zealand, the Bishop expressed the opinion, once almost universal though now happily exploded—an opinion, too, which Mr. Marsden himself had regarded with some favour in his younger days—that civilization must precede the introduction of the Gospel; and his lordship argued, as Mr. Marsden himself had argued thirty years before, in favour of expanding the mind of savaged by the introduction of arts and sciences, being impressed with the idea that it was impossible to present the Gospel with success to minds wholly unenlightened. Mr. Marsden's answer is thus recorded:

Civilization is not necessary before Christianity, sir; do both together if you will, but you will find civilization follow Christianity, easier than Christianity follow civilization. Tell a poor heathen of his true God and Saviour, point him to the works he can see with his own eyes, for these heathen are no fools, sir—great mistake to send illiterate men to them—they don't want men learned after the fashion of this world, but men taught in the spirit and letter of the Scripture. I shan't live to see it, sir, but I may hear of it in heaven, that New Zealand with all its cannibalism and idolatry

will yet set an example of Christianity to some of the nations now before her in civilization.

It will not be out of place to offer a passing remark upon Mr. Marsden's conduct to Dr. Broughton, the first Bishop of Sydney. As an Episcopalian, sincerely attached to the Church of England, he had long desired the introduction of the episcopate into the colonial Church, of which, as senior chaplain, he himself had been the acknowledged leader for so many years. When the appointment was made it was a matter of just surprise to his friends that he was passed over in silence, while an English clergyman was placed over him to govern the clergy, amongst whom he had so long presided, and whose entire respect and confidence he had gained. There is no doubt that his integrity and fearless honesty had rendered him somewhat unacceptable to men in power, and that to this his exclusion is, in a great measure, to be ascribed.

But this slight brought out some of the finest features in his truly noble character. He had never sought honours, wealth, or preferment for himself. If a disinterested man ever lived it was Samuel Marsden. The only remark which his family remember to have heard him make upon the subject was in answer to a friend who had expressed surprise at the slight thus put upon him, in these words: “It is better as it is; I am an old man; my work is almost done.” And when Dr. Broughton, the new Bishop, arrived in the colony, he was received by Mr. Marsden not with cold and formal respect, but with Christian cordiality.

When the Bishop was installed he assisted at the solemn service. The eloquent author of the “Prisoners of Australia,”* who chanced to be present, thus describes the scene:—

On a more touching sight mine eyes had never looked than when the aged man, tears streaming down his venerable cheek, poured forth, amidst a crowded and yet silent assemblage, the benediction upon him into whose hands he had thus, as it were, to use his own metaphor, “yielded up the keys of a most precious charge”; a charge which had been his own devoted care throughout the storms and the tempests of a long and difficult pilotage. And now, like another Simeon, his work well nigh accomplished, the Gospel spreading far and wide over the colony and its dependencies, and the prayer of his adopted people answered, he could say without another wish: “Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

* London: Hatchard, 1841.

Conscious that in the course of Nature his decease could not be far distant, death was now his frequent meditation. He viewed its approach without levity and without alarm. He continued his pastoral visits to the sick and dying to the last, and some of those who were raised from a bed of languishing, and who survived their pastor, speak of the affectionate kindness, the delicacy and tenderness, as well as the deep-toned spirituality of mind he showed in the sick chamber, as something which those who had not witnessed it would be backward to credit.

As he stepped out of his gig, his family easily perceived from his manner if he had been visiting the chamber of death, and never presumed to break a sacred silence that was sure to follow his deep-drawn sigh till he was pleased to do so himself. This he did in general by the solemn and subdued utterance of a text from Scripture, or some verse of a favourite hymn. The tears often fell down his aged cheeks while slowly articulating, in a suppressed voice: “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;” or from one of Watts's hymns. “Oh could we die with those that diee.”

After this touching relief he seemed to feel more at liberty to speak on future events connected with his own decease, when he would be sitting down, as he frequently said, with page Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God. Indeed his happy, social spirit led him to connect the joys of heaven with the society of saints and patriarchs and his own departed friends. Sitting at dinner with the Bishop and others as his guests, his mind abstracted itself from the surrounding scene, and he addressed the Christian friend to whose notices of his last days we have already had recourse: “You know, madam, you and I are to take an alphabetical list some day of all the names of the good men I expect soon to meet in heaven; there will be (counting them up upon his fingers) John Wesley, Isaac Watts, the two Milners, Joseph and Isaac, John Newton and Thomas Scott, Mr. Howells of Long Acre, and Matthew Henry——” Here the conversation of the party broke off the solemn reverie.

“In the month of September, after his last voyage, he called at the house of his friend, the Rev. R. Cartwright, with a young lady from New Zealand, to introduce her to Mrs. Cartwright. The door was opened by his aged and now deeply afflicted friend and brother in the ministry, for Mrs. Cartwright had expired in the night, after a few hours' illness. Mr. Marsden, with his usual cheerfulness of manner, said, ‘Well! I have brought Miss W. to introduce her to Mrs. Cartwright.’ ‘Stop! stop, my friend,’ responded the mourner, in a solemn manner, ‘don't you know that Mrs. Cartwright is dead?' ‘Dead? dead?’ replied Mr. Marsden. ‘Oh no; oh no. You must be in joke; it is too serious a matter to make a joke of, Mr. Cartwright.’ ‘Indeed,’ responded Mr. Cartwright, ‘it is too true. Come, and I will convince you,’ and then led him to the room where the remains of his departed wife lay. Mr. Marsden approached the body, saying, ‘Oh! she is not dead; no, no, she is not dead;’ (the bright complexion remaining unchanged), ‘she is not dead;’ and then, passing his hand over the face, the cold chill of death dissipated the delusion. ‘Yes, she is dead, she is dead,’ and leaving the room, he hurried away to give vent to his feelings.”

As he contemplated his own near approach to the eternal state, a few chosen passages of Scripture fell often from his lips; and it was remarked they were almost the only repetitions he made use of; for his mind was richly stored with Scripture, which he seemed to bring forth with endless variety, and often in the happiest combination; but now he often repeated the words of Job: “He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not” (chapter xiv. 2). And those of Zechariah, “Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever?” (chapter i. 5).

On Tuesday the 8th of May, 1838, a few of his friends visited him at his own house. He wore his usual cheerfulness, and they wished him, as they thought, a short farewell as he stepped into his gig on a journey of about five and twenty miles. In passing through the low lands contiguous to Windsor, the cold suddenly affected him,

and he complained of illness on his arrival at the house of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Styles, the chaplain of the parish. Erysipelas in the head broke out, and a general stupor followed, so that he became insensible. His mind wandered amongst the scenes to which his life had been devoted, and he uttered a few incoherent expressions about the factory, the orphan school, and the New Zealand mission.

"Though he spoke but little," said Mr. Styles, in his funeral sermon, "yet in his few conscious moments he said quite enough to show that the Saviour whom he served through life was with him in the time of trial. A single remark was made to him by a bystander on the value of good hope in Christ in the hour of need. 'Yes,' said he, 'that hope is indeed precious to me now;' and on the following evening, his last on earth, he was heard repeating the words 'precious, precious,' as if still in the same train of thought which that remark had suggested. Soon after, inflammation having reached the brain, his spirit was released.

On Saturday morning, the 12th of May, he entered—who can doubt?—upon the enjoyment of his "eternal and exceeding great reward."

He was buried in his own churchyard at Parramatta. Upwards of sixty carriages formed the mourning train, and a numerous assemblage of mourners, including most of the public functionaries in the colony, followed him to the grave. Of these, some who had in years long past thwarted and opposed him came at last to offer an unfeigned tribute of deep respect. A few had been his early associates in the ministry, and in every good word and work. The majority were a youthful generation, to whom he was only known as a wise and venerable minister of God. Most of his parishioners had been brought up under his instructions, and had been taught from their infancy to look up to him with respect and love.

The solemn burial service was read by the Rev. Dr. Cowper, who first came out to the colony at Mr. Marsden's solicitation. He stood over the grave and addressed the mourners on the early devotedness of their departed friend and pastor to the great work of the ministry, told them how solemnly he had dedicated himself to God before he left England in his youth, and reminded them of the fidelity with which through evil and good report he had endured his Master's cross, despising the shame.

It was proposed to erect a monument to his memory by public subscription; the proposition was warmly approved on all sides, and subscriptions were offered to a considerable amount. Whole families became subscribers—parents, and children, and domestic servants, all ready thus to testify their reverence. On further consideration, it was thought better to erect a church to his memory on a piece of his own land, which he himself had devised for that purpose, to which the name of Marsfield should be given.

The public Press, not only in Australia but also in England, published biographical sketches of his life and labours, with articles on his motives and character. The great missionary societies recorded his death with feelings of reverential love. The notice of him in the minutes of the Church Missionary Society was read at the annual meeting at Exeter-hall, and published in the thirtieth report.

And thus was the man honoured in his death, whose life had been one long conflict with obloquy and slander. With few exceptions his enemies had died away, or been gradually led to abandon their prejudices, and many of them now loved and revered the man whom they had once hated or despised.

Chapter XIII.

The reader may naturally expect in conclusion a summary of Mr. Marsden's character. It is too instructive to be lost. Perhaps few great men ever lived whose example was more calculated for general usefulness, for the simple reason that he displayed no gigantic powers, no splendid genius; he had only a solid, well ordered mind, with which to work, no other endowments than those which thousands of his fellow men possess. It was in the use of his materials that his greatness lay.

Mr. Marsden was a man of a masculine understanding, of great decision of character, and of an energy which nothing could subdue. He naturally possessed such directness and honesty of purpose, that his intentions could never be mistaken; and he seemed incapable of attempting to gain his purpose by those dexterous shifts and manœuvres which often pass current, even amongst professing Christians, as the proper, if not laudable, resources of a good diplomatist, or a thorough man of business.

When he had an object in view, it was always worthy of his strenuous pursuit, and nothing stopped him in his efforts to obtain it, except the impossibility of proceeding further. Had his mind been less capacious such firmness would often have degenerated into mere obstinacy; had it been less benevolent and less under the influence of religion, it would have led him, as he pressed rudely onwards, to trample upon the feelings, perhaps upon the rights, of other men. But he seems, whenever he was not boldly confronting vice, to have been of the gentlest nature.

In opposing sin, especially when it showed itself with effrontery in the persons of Magistrates and men in power, he gave no quarter and asked for none. There was a quaintness and originality about him, which enabled him to say and do things impossible to other men. There was a firmness and inflexibility, combined with earnest zeal, which in the days of the reformers would have placed him in their foremost rank. None could be long in his society without observing that he was a man of another mould than that of those around him. There was an air of unconscious independence in all he did which, mixed with his other qualities, clearly showed to those who could read his character that he was a peculiar instrument in the hands of God to carry out his own purposes. These traits are illustrated by many remarkable events in his life.

When he first arrived in New South Wales, while theft, blasphemy, and every other crime prevailed to an alarming extent among the convicts, the higher classes of society, the civil and military officers, set a disgraceful example of social immorality.

He was known to rebuke sin at a dinner-table in such a manner as to electrify the whole company. Once, arriving late, he sat down in haste, and did not for a few minutes perceive the presence of one who should have been the wife of the host, but who stood in a very different relation to him. Mr. Marsden always turned a deaf ear

to scandal, and in the excess of his charity was sometimes blind to facts which were evident enough to others.

The unveiling of the Marsden Cross by His Excellency Lord Plunket, Governor of New Zealand, on the 12th of March, 1907.

The truth now flashed upon him, and though such things were little thought of in the colony, he rose instantly from the table, calling to the servant in a decided tone to bring his hat, and without further ceremony, or another word, retired. That such a man should raise up a host of bitter enemies is not to be wondered at.

While he embraced large and comprehensive projects, it was one of his striking peculiarities that he paid close attention to minute details. Some minds, beginning with the vast and theoretical, work backwards into the necessary details; others, setting out upon that which is minute and practical, from the necessities of the hour and the duties of the day before them seem to enlarge their circle and to build up new projects as they proceed. The former may be men of greater genius, but the latter are in general the more successful, and to these Mr. Marsden belonged.

The cast of his mind was eminently practical. No crude visions of distant triumphs led him away from the duties which belonged to the scene and circumstances in which providence had placed him. Parramatta was for many years the model parish of New South Wales, although its pastor was the soul of the New Zealand mission, and of many a philanthropic enterprise besides.

He was well known to all his parishioners, to whom he paid constant ministerial visits; his attention to the sick, whether at their own homes or the Government hospital, was unremitting; and here his natural shrewdness, sharpened as it was by his spiritual penetration, showed itself in his insight into the true character of those he dealt with.

Nothing disgusted him more than a want of reality. High professions from inconsistent lips were loathsome to him, and his rebukes were sometimes sharp. A gentleman, whose habits of life were not altogether consistent with Christian

simplicity and deadness to the world, had been reading “Mammon,” when that volume had just made its appearance; and with that partial eye with which we are apt to view our own failings, had come to the flattering conclusion that, by contrast with the monster depicted in “Mammon,” the desires he felt to add field to field and house to house, were not covetousness, but that diligence in business which the Scriptures inculcate. In the happy excitement of the discovery he exultingly exclaimed, “Well, thank God, I have no covetousness.” Mr. Marsden, who had read no more about covetousness than he found in the Bible, had sat silent. Rising from his chair, and taking his hat, he merely said: “Well, I think it is time for me to go: and so, sir, you thank God that you are not as other men are. You have no covetousness, haven't you? Why, sir, I suppose the next thing you'll tell us is that you've no pride;” and he left the room.

But when he spoke to a modest inquirer, these roughnesses, which lay only on the surface, disappeared. To the sick, his manner was gentle and affectionate, and in his later years, when he began, from failing memory and dimness of sight, to feel himself unequal to the pulpit, he spent much of his time in going from house to house and amongst the prison population, exhorting and expounding the Scriptures. Upon one of these occasions, a friend who accompanied him relates that he made a short journey to visit a dying young lady, whose parents on some account were strangely averse to his intrusion, pastoral though it was. But the kindness with which he addressed the sufferer, whom he found under deep spiritual anxieties, and the soothing manner in which he spoke and prayed with her, instantly changed the whole bias of their minds. “To think,” they exclaimed when he left the house, “of the aged man, with his silver locks, coming such a distance as seventeen miles, and speaking so affectionately to our feeble child!”

“At Parramatta, his Sunday-school,” his daughter writes, “was in a more efficient state than any I have since seen;” and the same remark might probably be applied to his other parochial institutions, for whatever he did was done with all his heart; and he was one of those who easily find coadjutors. Their example seems to shed an immediate influence. And his curates and the pious members of his flock were scarcely less zealous and energetic than himself.

He found time to promote missionary meetings, and to encourage the formation of tract and Bible Societies, as well as other benevolent institutions, at Sydney and other places. On many occasions he delivered interesting speeches, and not long before his death he presided at a Bible Society meeting at Parramatta, when, in the course of an affectionate address, he alluded to his beloved New Zealand. New Zealand was near his heart, and he now seldom spoke of it without being sensibly affected.

His manner of preaching was simple, forcible, and persuasive, rather than powerful or eloquent. In his later years, when he was no longer able to read his sermons, he preached extempore. His memory, until the last year or two of his life, was remarkably tenacious. He used to repeat the whole of the burial service *memoriter*, and, in the pulpit, whole chapters or a great variety of texts from all parts of Scripture, as they were required to prove or illustrate his subject. He was seldom controversial, nor did he attempt a critical exposition of the word of God. His ministry was pure and evangelical.

Dwelling on the outskirts of civilization and of the Christian world, he was too deeply impressed with the grand line of distinction between Christianity and hideous ungodliness, whether exhibited in the vices of a penal settlement or the cannibalism of New Zealand, to be likely to attach too much importance to those minor shades of difference which are to be met with in the great family of Jesus Christ.

As his heart was large, so too was his spirit catholic. He was sincerely and affectionately attached to the Church of England. He revered her liturgy, and in her articles and homilies he found his creed, and he laboured much to promote her extension. Yet his heart was filled with love to all those who name the name of Christ in sincerity. Wherever he met with the evidences of real piety and soundness of doctrine, his house and his purse flew open; and orthodox Christians of every denomination from time to time either shared his hospitalities or were assisted in their benevolent projects with pecuniary aid.

With what delicacy this was done may be gathered from such statements as the following, which is copied from the *Colonist* newspaper, the 12th of September, 1838: "An attempt having been made to build a Scotch church in Sydney, the colonial Government for a time opposed the scheme, and in consequence some of its friends fell away. Then it was that the late Samuel Marsden, unsolicited, very generously offered the loan of £750 to the trustees of the Scotch Church, on the security of the building and for its completion. This loan was accordingly made; but as it was found impracticable to give an available security on the building, Mr. Marsden agreed to take the personal guarantee of the minister for the debt."

In the same spirit he presented the Wesleyan Methodists with a valuable piece of land on which to erect a chapel at Windsor. This act of Christian charity was acknowledged by their missionaries in a grateful letter.

His private charities displayed the same catholic spirit. His disinterestedness was great, and his only desire seemed to be to assist the deserving or to retrieve the lost. He was not foolishly indifferent to the value of money, as those who had business transactions with him were well aware; but its chief value in his eyes consisted in the opportunities it gave him to promote the happiness of others. Hundreds of instances of his extraordinary liberality might be mentioned, and it is probable that many more are quite unknown.

The following anecdotes, furnished by his personal friends, will show that his bounty was dealt out with no sparing hand:—

A gentleman, at whose house he was a visitor, happened to express a wish that he had £300 to pay off a debt. The next morning Mr. Marsden came down and presented him with the money, taking no acknowledgment. The circumstance would have remained unknown had not the obliged person, after Mr. Marsden's decease, honourably sent an acknowledgment to his executors. All he assisted were not equally grateful. Travelling with a friend in his carriage, a vehicle passed by. "Paddy," said he, calling to his servant, "who is that?" On being told, "Oh," said he, "he borrowed from me £200, and he never paid me." This was his only remark.

Yet he was not tenacious for repayment, nor indeed exact in requiring it at all where he thought the persons needy and deserving. The same friend was with him when a man called to pay up the interest on a considerable sum which Mr. Marsden had lent to him. He took a cheque for the amount, but when the person retired, tore it up and threw it into the fire, remarking, “He is an honest man. I am satisfied if he returns me the principal; that is all I want.”

On another occasion, a friend who had been requested to make an advance of £50 to a needy person, but was unable to do so, mentioned the case to Mr. Marsden, with: “Sir, can you lend me £50?” “To be sure I can,” was the answer, and the money was instantly produced. When he called, shortly afterwards, to repay the loan, Mr. Marsden had forgotten all about it. “Indeed I never looked to its being repaid.”

A clergyman being pressed for £100, walking with Mr. Marsden, mentioned his difficulties. Mr. Marsden at once gave him the sum, simply remarking: “I dare say that will do for you.”

A lady had come to the colony at the solicitation of her family, with the view of establishing a school of a superior class for the daughters of the colonists. At first she met with little success. Mr. Marsden saw the importance of her scheme, and at once invited her to Parramatta, offering her a suitable house and all the pecuniary aid she might require, and this under the feeling of a recent disappointment in an undertaking of the same nature.

Of the large sums he expended on the New Zealand mission from his own private resources it is impossible even to conjecture the total, to say nothing of a life in a great measure devoted to the service.

He one day called upon a young man of enterprise and piety, whom he was anxious to induce to settle in New Zealand, and offered him £50 per annum out of his own purse, as well as to raise a further sum for him from other sources.

Nor should it be forgotten, in proof of this disinterestedness, that with all his opportunities and influence in New Zealand, he never possessed a single acre of land there, or sought the slightest advantage either for himself or for any member of his family.

Another feature in his character was his unaffected humility. This was not in him the nervous weakness which disqualifies some men for vigorous action, rendering them either unconscious of their power, or incapable of maintaining and asserting their position, and consequently of discharging its obligations. This, though often called humility, is, in fact, disease, and ought to be resisted rather than indulged.

Mr. Marsden's mind was vigorous and healthy; he took a just measure of his powers and opportunities, as the use he put them to proves abundantly. There was nothing in him of the shyness which disqualifies for public life; he was bold without effrontery, courageous without rashness, firm without obstinacy; but withal he was a humble man. His private correspondence will have shown how anxious he was to submit his own judgment, even on questions affecting his personal character, to what he considered the better judgment of his friends at home. To vanity or ostentation he

seems to have been a perfect stranger. There is not a passage in his correspondence, nor can we learn that a word ever fell from his lips, which would lead us to suppose that he ever thought himself in any way an extraordinary man. Flattery disgusted him, and even moderate praise was offensive to his feelings.

When the life of his friend, Dr. Mason Good, appeared from the pen of Dr. Olinthus Gregory, it contained an appendix, giving an account of his own labours and triumphs at Parramatta and in New Zealand. This he cut out of the volume with his penknife, without any remark, before he permitted it to lie upon his table or to be read by his family.

He was so far from thinking he had accomplished much, either in the colony or amongst the heathen, that he was rather disposed, in his later days, to lament that his life had been almost useless; and indeed he was heard more than once to express a doubt whether he has not mistaken his calling, and been no better than an intruder into the sacred ministry.

When told one day, by a justly indignant friend, how basely he was misrepresented, “Sir,” he exclaimed, and the solemnity of his manner showed the depth of his meaning, “these men don't know the worst. Why, sir, if I were to walk down the streets of Parramatta with my heart laid bare, the very boys would pelt me.”

Such was Samuel Marsden, a man whose memory is to be revered and his example imitated. “Not merely a good man,” says the preacher of his funeral sermon “who filled up the place allotted to him on earth, and then sank into his grave; not merely a faithful minister of Christ, who loved and served his Saviour and turned many to repentance, but more than either of these. Rightly to estimate his character we must view him as a peculiar man, raised up for an especial purpose.”

The End.